THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXXIV.—No. 1619.

DECEMBER 25, 1934

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

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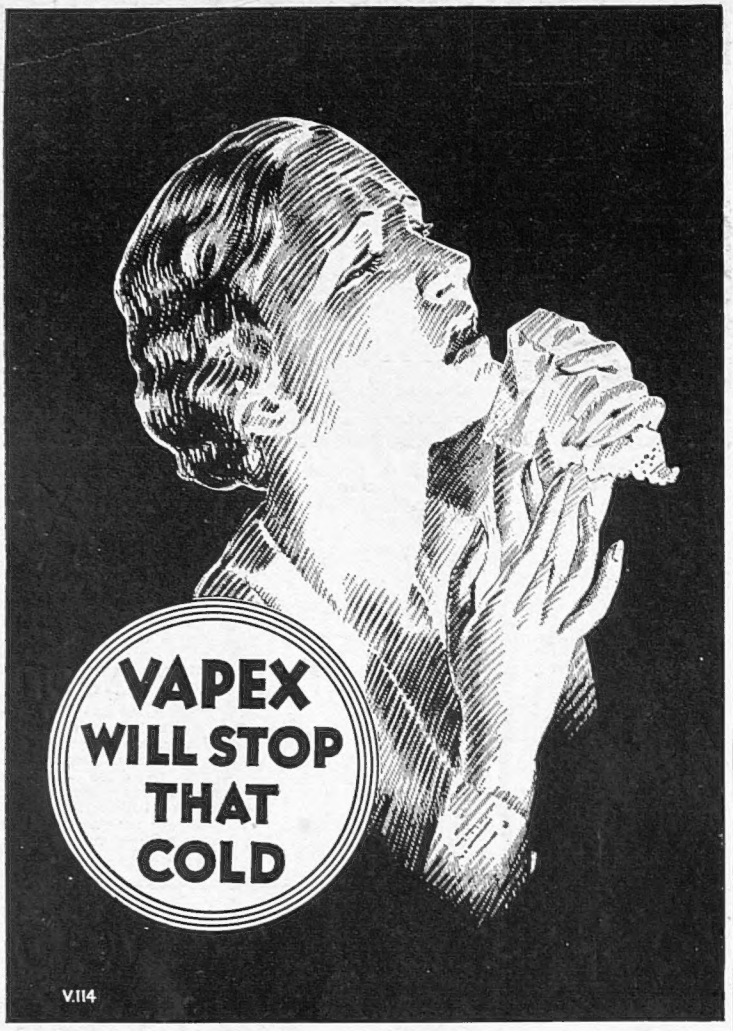

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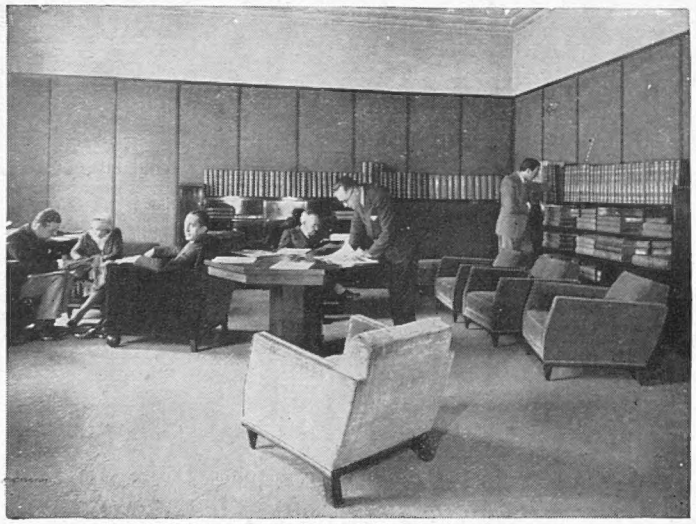

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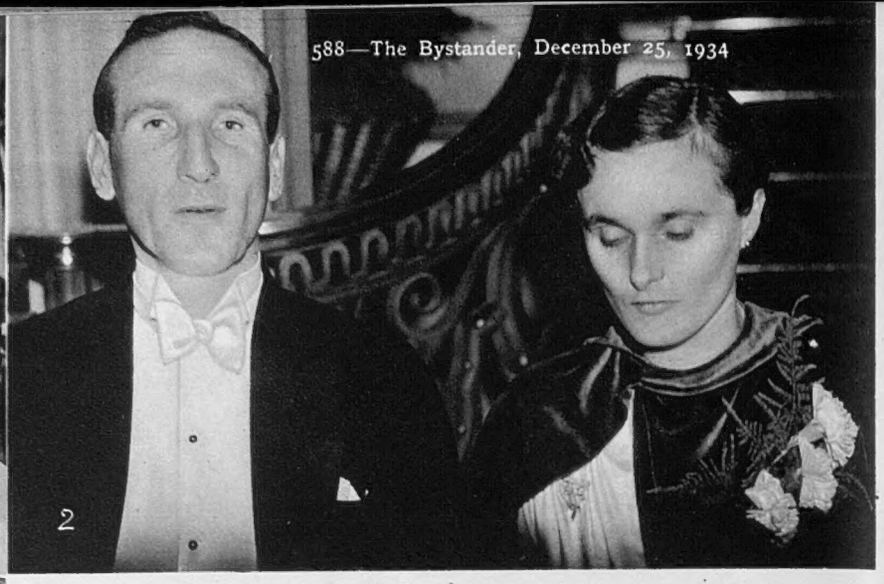
The BYSTANDER

SHE COULDN'T LOOK MORE LIKE CHRISTMAS

Once upon a time there was always lots of snow at Christmas and a Yule log was a necessity and not just a symbol. Nowadays the nearest snow seems to be Switzerland, and this year the crocuses will be coming out in England if they're not careful. However—Anna Lee has the right idea, even if the snow only comes out of a studio sky. If she doesn't spell "A Merry Christmas" in capital letters, then mistletoe never grew on an apple-tree



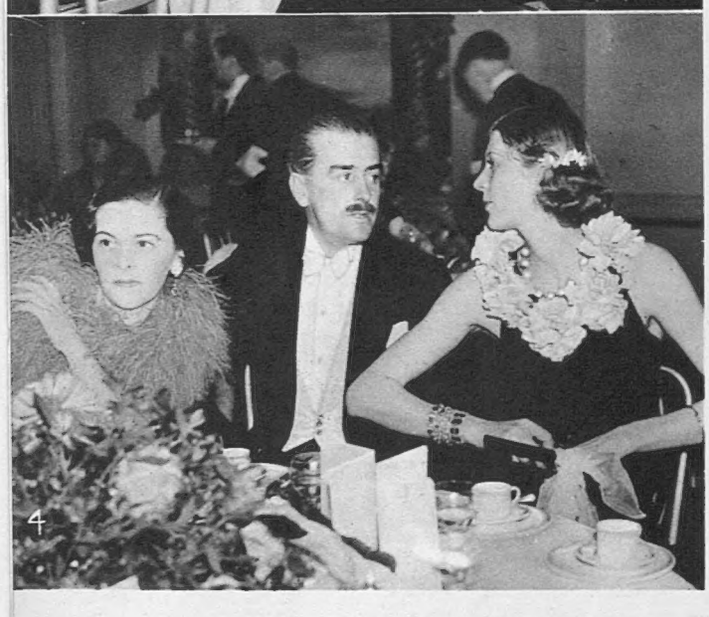
The Christmas Ball at Grosvenor House

(1) Lady Plymouth, who took a party to the Christmas Ball, is at supper with Mr. Derek Rice

(2) Mr. D. R. Jardine, the England and Surrey cricketer, was there with his wife, who was Margaret Peat before their marriage in September

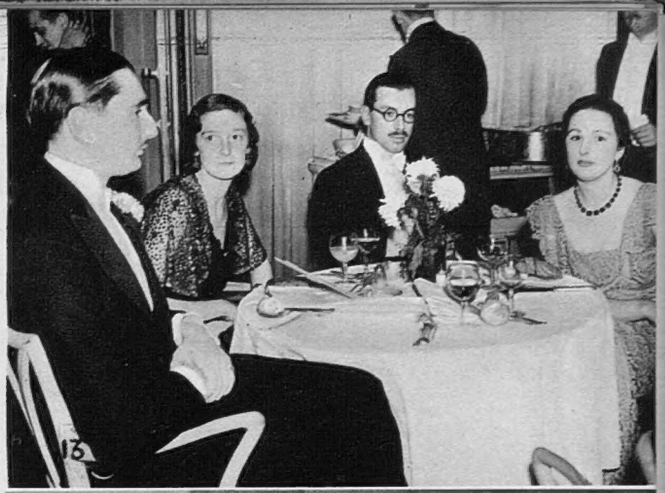
(3) Mr. John Drury-Lowe, much in demand for charity-ball parties, Mrs. Guy Wyndham, Princess de Chimay, and Mr. Berkeley-Villiers

(4) Miss Margaret Warrand, Capt. Brian Lewis and Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey supported the Canning Town Women's Settlement in aid of which the ball was held



Producer, Manager, and a Christmas Tree

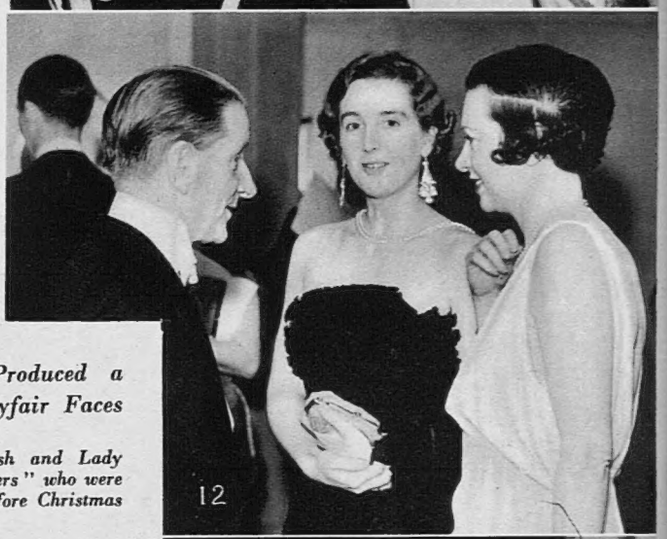
(5) Mr. Peter Godfrey, who is the producer of "The Red Rover's Revenge," at the Royalty, and Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson, under whose management that theatre now is, were photographed at the D'Abernon Club Christmas Ball



The Last Round-Ups . . .

Before Christmas

A Week of Sociability and Charitability



The Paradise Ball Produced a Rare Collection of Mayfair Faces

(6) Lady Charles Cavendish and Lady Bridget Parsons, two "Irishers" who were seeing the last of London before Christmas

(7) Count Rudovitch talking to the Hon. Mrs. Jenkinson, the youngest of Lord Harcourt's three sisters, who lives in Surrey, but is not infrequently in London

(8) Mr. Eion Merry, the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Crichton, Sir Peter Grant Lawson, and Mrs. Eion Merry, Mrs. Crichton's daughter. Both the men are in the Blues

(9) Lady Kathleen Rollo, Lord Downshire's sister, being "bunched" with a nice spray of charity carnations by Lord Hambleden

(10) The Hon. George Ward, Lord Dudley's brother, and his cousin, Countess Paul Munster, profile to profile, display a very strong family likeness to each other

(11) Mrs. Reggie Sheffield dancing with Lord Normanton at the Dorchester

(12) Mr. Frederick Lonsdale with two good-looking listeners, Lady Maureen Stanley, and the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn FitzGerald

(13) Lord and Lady Ebury and Lord and Lady Harcourt were in the same party

Charity Dining at the Trocadero

(14) Mr. Philip Guedalla and Lady Londonderry both spoke at the dinner for the Women's Employment Federation; Lady Londonderry was chairman

(15) Lady Astor, M.P., and Lady Limerick both helped to organise the dinner at the Trocadero, the menu of which provided everyone with good practice for coping with the Christmas dinner standard

Below: Ronald Dunn, one of the Cambridge ski team, trying out the give-and-take of the Klosters snow

Right: E. Mortimer, an Oxford ski-er, doing a turn on the practice slopes. Both teams are now in training at Klosters

Digby Raeburn, another of the Cambridge side, photographed in the air. The inter-'Varsity races take place next month in Switzerland, at Klosters, and the two teams have some hard work to put in between now and then

"Paddy" Green, the captain of the Cambridge team, doing a field jump

Spring in the Air!

The 'Varsity Teams Practise Their Ski-Jumps and Turns

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 82

Jim Mollison

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

At the age of twenty-nine, Jim Mollison has flown the equivalent of twenty-two times round the earth. But you 'd never guess from his appearance what ardours and endurances have been his lot. He walks in an unathletic way. He wears suède shoes. He has deceptively soft hands and a still softer voice. He wears his hair brushed forward over his forehead as others do to conceal baldness. Actually, he is very virile. He has a small mouth and sleepy eyes. But he also has exactly the same jaw-line as T. E. Lawrence of Arabia. In fact, the more you think about these two very different men, you realise how many odd points they have in common.

Jim Mollison called his autobiography *Death Cometh Soon or Late.* "T. E.'s" was *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom.* Both are bizarre, philosophical titles. Both men are disillusioned. Both became celebrities at an early age. Both have seen death at very close quarters. Both have been deafened by the big drum of publicity. Both are interested in high speeds. True, "T. E." prefers the rigours of an aircraftsman's life, while Jim turns to the conventional fleshpots of Park Lane when his latest stunt is over.

Jim Mollison was born in Glasgow and was educated there and at Edinburgh Academy. After that came five years of a short service commission in the Royal Air Force. So far, so normal. Next we find him running a store in Guadeloupe, lazing in Tahiti on the remains of his gratuity, and then acting as a beach attendant on Bondi Beach, Sydney. From there he became instructor of the South Australian Aero Club, junior pilot with the Queensland Air Navigation Company, and senior pilot with Kingsford Smith's outfit, the Australian National Airways. Then Lord Wakefield became his fairy godmother. To-day he is the completely mobile owner of a very fast aeroplane, which is not likely to be left long in its hangar. His ambition is to reach a point where he can fly for pleasure in a clear, blue sky, after an early night, with unlimited visibility. But this dream is always round the corner.

In London he is an habitué of the International Sportsmen's Club. He hates sham and social mountaineering. His only sport is swimming. According to Amy, he emphasises his remarks with gestures like a Frenchman. He weighs eleven-eight, which is a stone too much. He carries two scars on his face to testify to his crash after his last Atlantic flight.

He is not cynical really. He has, I suspect, a very vivid imagination, which he succeeds in stifling. He has grown old in mind quickly, and has thus succeeded in being able to take a detached view of the astonishing contrasts his life affords—one minute the headlines of every newspaper in the world, and the next, oblivion until his next gamble with Charon. You see, he is a living, tangible stunt, and he knows it. He would probably be much happier if he didn't.

Listen...

DURING Christmas we are all determined to make it a happy time for the children, and our advice this year is that the more natural we are the happier they will be. In fact, let's be ourselves.

•

WE can just hear their peals of merry laughter as Sir Robert Throckmorton gives his nightly imitation of a dormouse entering winter quarters. We can see their wrapt expressions as Mr. Channon recites them the first ten pages of the Peerage; while they will all be beside themselves with merriment when Mr. Maurice Baring sits with the port balanced on top of his bald head, and Lord Castlerosse will send their little hearts into their mouths with his imitation of a journalist stalking its prey.

•

WE girls can also do our share. A lady novelist will enable us to dispense with the customary Christmas tree. Les Girls will thrill them by reviving memories of the Klondyke; while Lady Bridget Poulett will end the party on a happy note as the Spirit of Steel. This will send them up to bed laughing their little heads off.

•

DESCENDING the social scale a trifle, we were preparing to enter a club, well known to all Fleet Street as the resort of leader-writers, gossip-writers, and sub-editors after closing time, when the door opened violently and a swift kick in the pants deposited a figure sprawling on the pavement, while a voice from inside exclaimed: "That should learn him to accuse a fellow-member of writing 'Listen.'"

•

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF FAMOUS MEN.

The woman always pays—
THE COUNT DE PRET ROOSE.
I never fight in front of Mother—
MR. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.
I 'm tickled to death I 'm single—
LORD ASHLEY.

•

YOU can fool some of the husbands some of the time, but you can't fool all the husbands all of the time, as a young man may find to his cost. Hitherto, he has had only to deal with the complacent sort who are content to live their own lives. This particular one, however, would give a good deal to be free.

WE make one of our lowest curtseys to the detective who caught the cinema actor. We couldn't think of a more fatiguing job than tracking this super-athelete, for, just when you were certain you 'd got him compromised, up would fly the bedroom window and you 'd find him laughing at you from the top of one of the chimneys.

•

SIR MICHAEL DUFF is the luckiest man, as among his party at his lovely place, Vayrol, he has Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish, who are a party in themselves. Sir Michael is one of our most eligible bachelors, and one of these fine days he will, no doubt, marry a lovely girl and have a lovely wedding. In the past we 've heard rumours of his engagement to Miss "Baby" Jungman, but nothing seemed to come of it.

POPULAR WOMEN

No. 4.—Lady Ashley

Paul Tanqueray

TOOK the Winter Garden Theatre and London by storm as Sylvia Hawkes, but an early marriage interrupted her stage career, though we doubt, had it continued, whether she would ever have been a Bernhardt or a Duse. Despite strong parental opposition (on his side) was led to the register office by Lord Ashley, but after a few months young couple decided that Mum and Dad might have been right.

Lovely blonde, with divine figure and great charm, Lady Ashley has many and diverse interests, motor racing and the movies having been her two great hobbies. Her name, Sylvia, suits her admirably; she is tremendously popular on both sides of the Atlantic; she is a first-rate companion and great fun in a party. She dresses divinely.

LONDONDERRY HOUSE is becoming quite a marriage-market, and the Stewart girls are fairly running to the altar or register office, as the case may be. Few of us had heard of Mr. Muntz, but we all know "popular-man-about-town" Teddy Jessel, and we imagine there will be no parental opposition this time. We have always considered Mr. Jessel one of fortune's favourites, and his luck continues. Incidentally, Lady Helen is the best-looking of the four sisters.

•

ALTHOUGH the very young do not receive the same attention they did in the Whigham's day, they don't have too bad a time, and the chaps are all for Florrie Owen, "Tiny" Dennistoun Sword, and Peta Davis in a big way, and we don't blame them one little bit.

•

CONTINUING our hints on etiquette, we should like to state our disapproval of the practice now prevalent among the more go-ahead set of referring to their divorced husbands as their "late" If you should want people to know that you once had him by the short hairs, "Ex" is the correct prefix. Personally, we would consider it far better taste not to bring up the subject of your unfortunate marriage at all, and just refer to him as "Mr. Smith."

•

ONE other thing we cannot urge too strongly—the necessity for circularising your previous husbands when you are contemplating re-marrying. Nothing makes a man look a bigger fool than when he introduces his ex-wife by the wrong name.

•

"I WAS ashamed to appear like that in front of you, Bishop," said the chorus girl to the Bishop of London. Spoken like a good girl; and now, perhaps, some of you will realise why it is that we like to walk into restaurants in our fur coats and then hand them to the waiter to take them to the cloak-room. [When you 're certain that all the women you dislike most have noticed you have *a fur coat.—Editor.] Give us higher backs and fronts and close-fitting sleeves, Mr. Hartnell, to protect us from the gaze of sex-hungry males who embarrass us with their shameless glances.*

Out of Town

Faces Seen by Molly Bishop.

Right: Lady FitzHarris, Lord Dorchester's daughter, and Lord Malmesbury's daughter-in-law, was sketched at her home, the Old Rectory, Winchfield, in Hampshire. She married Lord FitzHarris in 1932, and has a daughter, Sylvia, six months old. Rover Harris has been in the family for a long time; he is fifteen, but can still do with half-a-day's shooting now and again

Lady FitzHarris and Rover Harris

Lord Grantley

Lord Grantley and his wife were staying at Furze Down, King's Somborne, with Sir Gordon and Lady Ley when his picture was made. He is a Yorkshireman, and has a place near Ripon—Markenfield Hall, and also one in Hampshire—Weeke Manor, near Winchester

Right: Lord Glanusk playing bridge, with Lord and Lady Grantley and Sir Gordon Ley as the rest of the four. He was also staying with the Leys at Furze Down. He comes from Wales, where he owns a good deal of property, and is Lord Lieutenant of Breconshire

Lord Glanusk

Second Thoughts on First Nights

"Uneasy Lies the Head . . ."

Sketches by ROUSON

The Road to a Kingdom

Sydney Howard as a golfer, a revolutionary, a knight, a right royal grocer and—finally—Walter I. of Messonia

"Half-a-Crown" (Aldwych)

THIS farce is a funny mixture. On some occasions there is a touch about it of H. G. Wells, when in Kippsian mood; on other occasions Anthony Hope and *The Prisoner of Zenda* are recalled, while at least once one is reminded of Harry Tate in one of his music-hall sketches. This is soon after the start, where a village grocer, Walter Hunnisett by name, played by Sydney Howard, receives instructions in the intricacies of golf from his bad-tempered caddie on the links at Tisbury, which, incidentally, happens to be a real-to-goodness village in Wiltshire.

THIS contrast in styles may be due to the fact that *Half-a-Crown* is founded on a play by Arnold Ridley which has been dressed up farcically by Douglas Furber, who has evidently gone all out to fit Sydney Howard with a good part, and let the rest go hang, and in that of the village grocer who ascends a throne the comedian enjoys himself and imparts enjoyment to others.

Sydney Howard is an actor who achieves his effects by quiet and stolid means. The only activity he shows is with his hands, the fingers of which are in perpetual motion, like a swan's neck when the bird is on the feed. Hands can be eloquent, but Sydney Howard's are positively noisy nowadays, and I would humbly suggest that too much of even the cleverest eloquence may pall.

There is another hand, rather than a pair, which is also apparent on the stage of the Aldwych, and that is the hidden hand of Leslie Henson as producer. Just as the art critic, if he knows his job, could not mistake a Rubens for a Velasquez, so anyone with knowledge of the theatre can spot bits of business supplied by Leslie Henson, which are full of invention and invariably amusing. There 's a good deal of this sort of padding in *Half-a-Crown*, but as often as not this padding is quite as funny, if not funnier, than what is indigenous to the play, so no one will demand their money back on this account.

THERE is a good company at the Aldwych, who support the farcical comedian in a key of comedy. Malcolm Keen as a foreign Prime Minister rightly invests his part with earnestness, as does Ivan Samson, who finally emerges as a sort of Hitler. Nigel Patrick helps to give the slight love interest verisimilitude, and Eileen Peel and Agatha Carroll, as two young women after him, make the most of poor opportunities. Eliot Makeham gives a first-rate performance, as usual, as the caddie who shares in the boss's kingly adventures.

VERNON WOODHOUSE

Ambition, in the person of the Countess Sylvia (Agatha Carroll), versus Love, represented by Molly Glyndower (Eileen Peel), the bone of contention being Crown Prince Bill (Nigel Patrick)

The O.B.H. Meet at Faringdon House

Lady Dorothy Lygon, Mr. Robert Heber-Percy, Mrs. John Betjeman, Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode's daughter, and Lord Berners, host to the O.B.H. when they met at Faringdon House, his place in Berkshire

Outside a Sussex Inn

Miss B. Waddington and Miss Clifton Brown were an astride and side-saddle pair who were with the Crawley and Horsham when they met at Warnham

Bright Morning Faces

Because they are Going Hunting

The Hon. Peter Wood

Lord Halifax's second son is the Master of the Christ Church Beagles at Oxford; he has taken his pack up to his home in Yorkshire, Garrowby Hall, for Christmas

A Master and a Master's Daughter

Lord Bathurst, Master of the V.W.H. (Cirencester), talking to Miss Joyce Kingscote at the meet at Little Somerford. Miss Kingscote's father, Captain Maurice Kingscote, is Master of the V.W.H. (Cricklade)

American Contribution

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Parrish, an American couple who are well known in the Belvoir country, were photographed at the meet at Landyke Lane

• FILMS of the DAY

Cartoons and Classics for Christmas

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

"Bella Donna"

Mary Ellis as Bella Donna and Conrad Veidt as Baroudi, the handsome, sinister Egyptian, in the English film version of Robert Hichens' novel, which has just had a run at the Plaza

"College Rhythm"

Lyda Roberti and Joe Pinner, a new comedy-star, in the musical of college life, football, quarrelling and making-up with kisses, which went into the Plaza programme a week ago

THE cinema industry has its own idea of what is seasonable film fare, based, no doubt, on previous experience of public response at different times of year. "Westerners"—all those galloping Rodeo boys, checked shirts, Stetson hats, and sheriffs, belong, I think properly, to the "silly season." This autumn, at any rate, there has been a plethora of "musicals," some excellent, in which melody and mobility, particularly of the lower members of beauteous "chorines," were calculated to dispel the depressing influence of the declining year.

AT the approach of Christmas, cinema audiences are expected to become more classically minded. Evidently the younger generation, released from its serious pursuit of school certificates and balls of various shapes and sizes, will form a large proportion of those audiences, and it is appropriate that they should be told, or rather shown, the old, old stories. Whether this will send them to the school libraries in search of the originals, or whether they will consider that their holiday tasks have been done, remains to be seen. So many entertainments, and even toys, devised for children give more pleasure to their parents; but whether this proves adult fatuity or infant precocity may be argued.

DICKENS, the fashionable film author of the moment, is generally more appreciated by people of some literary and humorous education, but he is well to the fore in Christmas holiday programmes, and it may be that children will enjoy the dramatic and pictorial quality of the scenic adaptations more readily than his actual text.

"GREAT EXPECTATIONS," with George Breakston and Phillips Holmes as Pip, has been made into a film in America. It is a little wordy, and the settings are inclined to be artificial, but the costumes, the dramatic and romantic story, should make their appeal.

"THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP" has been made at Elstree. Like Dickens' novel, it reeks of sentimentality at times, but is not without humour and grimly dramatic moments, appropriately photographed, which to very sensitive children might be provocative of terror.

A ROBUSTIOUS drama, such as *Treasure Island*, would probably prove more to their taste, especially to boys, as pirates are always grand, and seabreezes blow away much of the fearsomeness. Also, Wallace Beery, the gruff but never really sinister, is the star, and men, women and children—probably even monkeys—love him.

VICTORIA HOPPER, who made her name and got her a husband under the direction of Mr. Basil Dean, as Tessa, in *The Constant Nymph*, is the heroine of *Lorna Doone*, another immortal pre-released for Christmas.

A LIGHTER and brighter element in Christmas entertainment is supplied by colour cartoons. Naturally, Disney has many imitators: none, I think, approaches him in ingenuity, inventiveness, rhythm, and spontaneous humour. His *Night Before Christmas* Silly Symphony is a delight. Father Christmas shaking himself free of soot, with the familiar big-bellied laugh, the revel of the toys for the Christmas tree, the incursion of the children, the characterisation of "the littlest one," whose present is a real live "Scotty," are inimitable, and if the silhouette of the departing sleigh, drawn by reindeer, repeats the motif of his previous Christmas fantasy, it does not matter, because it is so good.

AMONG the best of the other colour cartoons is Radio's *Pastry Town Wedding*, necessarily imitative, but full of colour, movement, and inventive incident. Paramount have inaugurated a new series of colour cartoons, and I imagine that *Cinderella* will not be absent from Christmas programmes. It closely follows the original fairy-story, and though many of the transpositions are clever, it is perhaps a little too mechanical, and Cinderella, her Prince, and the Fairy Godmother approximate more nearly to the comic "strip" than to the fairy-legend.

A FILM independent of seasonal considerations is *The Man Who Knew Too Much*. Alfred Hitchcock is the director. His *Blackmail* was the first English talking-film worthy of consideration. It was, in its way, and at the time, brilliant—melodrama imaginatively handled in a technically new and original manner. Admittedly Hitchcock's subsequent work was disappointing, but there were always glimpses of his directorial genius. In *The Man Who Knew Too Much* he re-establishes himself as a leader in British film-craft. This is again, frankly, a "thriller," with the London scene realistically and effectively utilised. Leslie Banks is magnificent, in appropriate vein, and so is Peter Lorre, who was the terrible and irresponsible child-murderer in *M*, the Fritz Lang film based on the Dusseldorf crimes. Edna Best and Nova Pilbeam, the child who made her début in *Little Friend*, are the feminine principals—both good.

"The Man Who Knew Too Much"

A First Class Thriller from an English Studio

Left: Nova Pilbeam, the child star of "Little Friend" fame, played the part of the girl who was kidnapped by a gang of international crooks because her father knew too much of their plots. She was carried off to Wapping, and her rescue from there is one of the best excitement scenes the screen has produced in months. Alfred Hitchcock is the director of this Gaumont-British film, which has been on at the New Gallery

Nova Pilbeam as the Girl Who Was Kidnapped

The Clutching Hand

Leslie Banks as the man who knew too much; he and Edna Best, as the father and mother of the kidnapped girl, are both excellent

Left: the Superbly Villainous Villain

Peter Lorre, who played the murderer in the German thriller, "M," is the international arch-crook of Wapping, and does more than his share to give the film its gruesome excitement. With him is Cicely Oates

Paper Stars

Wladimir Bielkine "Cuts Out" Some Personalities of the Film World

Greta Garbo

The much-caricatured Garbo comes out less well than usual when her likeness is taken in the scissors-cut-paper way that Bielkine has invented. Perhaps there is something about a woman's physiognomy, even as clearly stamped a type as the Swedish actress, that evades the directness of this artist's attack on personality

Adolphe Menjou

This Latin hero of a hundred love tales is evidently more than the ladies' man the screen has made of him. Bielkine sees in Menjou an intellectual austerity which will surprise the filmgoer who is accustomed to think of him as a cynic, a sentimentalist, a seducer, but scarcely as a sage

Conrad Veidt as Jew Süss

Left: an amusing caricature of Conrad Veidt as Josef Süss Oppenheimer of the Gaumont-British film, with more of the piratical Machiavelli about him than the polished courtier who turned the heads and fluttered the hearts of the Wurtemburg ladies

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Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

WE see no particular point in wishing you a Happy Christmas, even if we were sufficiently fond of you. Our simple but logical reasoning is that if you 're keeping Christmas you 'll be happy anyway. By Christmas we mean Christmas ; not the thing invented by Charles Dickens for the benefit of the big stores and manufacturers of aspirin and Sod. Bicarb.

All right, then, and a hey, nonny nonny. As the World's Sweethearts, we hope very sincerely you won't get stuck head-over-ears in the mush of vague, pink, dulcet, warm, glutinous sentimentality emitted by the B.B.C. and the leader-writer boys every Christmas. If you ask us, that 's one of the chief reasons you always look so yellow and foul-tempered on Boxing Day. We always imagine Scrooge like that, after his orgy with the Cratchits. After all that eating and hurraying and sobbing and emotionalism, his dyspepsia must have returned like a thunderbolt, and we shouldn't wonder if a sequel to *A Christmas Carol* will be written at some time or another, opening with Scrooge hiding round the office door on Boxing Day and waiting for Cratchit with a horse-pistol.

We do hope you 're not mistaking us in this matter. We think the Feast of Christmas was perfectly all right before Dickens took it up and debased it. Nobody is a bigger champion of Dickens than we are, but we think he did irreparable damage by falsifying the Christmas Idea. It 's exactly as if somebody pulled down one of the great Gothic cathedrals—say, Chartres or York or Burgos—and re-erected it in pink sugar. That 's probably why so many people say they hate Christmas.

They don't—they only hate what they think is Christmas. That ends this interesting talk, and we are now going to take you over to the Café Gaga to hear Nick Nertz and his Paranoiac Princes jazz a few carols for the rich women.

Blonde's Bombshell

GLANCING back through the dim arches of the years, we can hardly remember a Christmas when we weren't pretty happy—even that Christmas, heaven knows how many years ago, when we drove through the snow and darkness in a cab to a party and hit a lovely blonde in a pink silk frock ; for such, even at the age of about five, was our instinctive reaction when confronted with blondes. In the insufferable manner of her sex and colouring, she snatched (we remember) at a Great Western engine we had just been given off the Christmas tree, and without hesitation, uttering a bellow of rage, we hit her good and hard right on her dainty nose, like a wounded lion in our blend of fury, fear, and despair. Nor did we care a hoot for the fearful consequences.

That was our attitude in the reign of Edward VII., and, with gentlemanly reservations, that is our attitude under George V. In a world so victimised by blondes that we know more than one fine, decent man who is so terrified of them that he has to live down disused wells or in packing-cases at the top of Bush House in order to escape them, we think an ounce of firmness is worth a ton of boasting. One needn't hit them after the age of five, but one can let them see that one is not to be intimidated. Years after dealing so firmly with this pink silk menace, we met her husband. We asked him if he still had any similar trouble with her. He said simply : " She was a tigress, but I tamed her." At his invitation, we stroked her head, and it was quite true : she was as tame as a woolly rabbit, and twice as beautiful.

" Oh, someone 's flown from somewhere, I think "

Easy Money

WE 'RE told the unfortunate incident at the last big " charity " gambling party in Mayfair, when someone unknown walked away with quite a respectable lot of someone else's money, was the result of a quite simple and efficient trick.

Bending at the elbow of a personage who had had a pretty good run of luck, the hour being well advanced, and nobody in the smart gambling crowd being quite as bright as he or she had been five hours before, a white-jacketed attendant with a " Changeur " badge begged politely to know if the gentleman would care for plaques of a larger denomination in exchange for a huge pile of " chicken-food." The player, intent on his game, handed over about £500-worth, or more, of chips, the polite attendant bore them away, and nobody ever saw him again.

What happened, they tell us, is that he obviously had a confederate among the guests, to whom he unobtrusively handed his loot before strolling downstairs, removing his white jacket in a cloak-room, and tranquilly walking out into the early morning. What could be simpler, given a mob like that ? We only hope the grafter was not too bored to derive a little artistic pleasure from it, like O. Henry's Jeff Peters, who never (as you remember) skinned a sucker without admiring the prismatic beauty of his scales. True art is essentially simple, after all.

Laugh, Clown

YEAR after year we look forward to the opening day of the Olympia Circus

"I want something quiet for a pretty girl with scarlet fever"

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 11.—P. G. Wodehouse

To drive a coach-and-four right through
The English of the King,
In literary circles is
Thought a most shocking thing;
But in the case of P.G., that
Is quite another story,
For pedantry of speech is NOT
Known to the jeunesse dorée.

And so his bright lads of the Drones,
When trouble 's in the van,
Give tongue in language that is not
The least Johnsonian;
Then sink a snifter ere they barge
Around to see old Jeeves,
That paragon of wisdom, who
Their worries soon relieves.

"A merry tune our author pipes"—
The simile is trite,
But true enough, for Plum 's the art
Of being really bright;
And woe and desolation
Will rob life of its zest
When the Bertrams cease from beetling
And the Woosters are at rest!

B. W.

(not to speak of the huge luncheon-party Mr. Bertram Mills always throws beforehand, in itself a spectacle), and year after year we scan the serried ranks of the clowns on their first entry for a well-remembered face—a mellow, gravely-genial face, the face of a kind, chubby, indulgent uncle who looks on benevolently at the children's gambols and doesn't mind occasionally joining in the romp himself, either. We 've seen this face in Paris and London many times. Olympia isn't home to us without it now. Incidentally, we revised our former ideas about clowns, whose hearts, we thought, were always bursting and breaking underneath the motley, shortly after getting to know the three Fratellini in Paris some years ago. The only thing that would make one of the Fratellini cry would be a drop of 0.01 points in gilt-edged. The only thing about them that 's bursting or breaking is probably their bank account, of its own weight. They 're pretty shrewd and successful business men, are these eminent clowns, and we 'd like to see any gay financier try any funny business with any of them. They wouldn't hit him with a gilded bladder—they 'd hit him with half the Bourse.

So now, every time we hear the dear old nursery song—

Au clair de la lune,
Mon ami Pierrot,
Prête-moi ta plume
Pour écrire un mot, etc.,

we feel Nanny ought to explain to Baby that Pierrot's clown acquaintance wants to drop an urgent note to his broker telling him to sell out United Sausages "A" at 45.

Life's Chances

We saw a curious footnote recently to an important library sale in Paris. One of the books at the sale was published in 1732 by the Père Johannot, who had been to Constantinople to arrange the ransom of some Christian prisoners in the hands of the Turks. One of the ransomed was a certain Giuseppe Mussolini, of Messina, aged forty-three, who had been a Turkish slave for sixteen years. The inference is that almost certainly he is an ancestor of the Duce.

Thus the strongest living personality in Christendom might at this moment have well been a Turk but for the visit of a French priest to Constantinople two hundred years ago. We think this is a pretty good example of the chanciness of human life. History is full of such examples. We can't just think of any outstanding ones at the moment, except the shape of Cleopatra's nose, but we can recollect a minor case. We know a hunting man who came down from Oxford, took a bad toss, went into a

"You just stay out there till I've finished"

nursing-home, was later given a book, thought there might be something in it, taught himself doggedly to read, became the proud possessor of three (3) books, one of which was the *Hunting Directory*, married a girl with similar tastes, who had two (2) books of her own, and produced a daughter who, at the age of eighteen, has already written three best-selling sex novels in one year and could have produced a fourth easily but for the difficulties of spelling.

That shows, doesn't it? A whole new literary dynasty founded on a single fall on the head. What about Fate now, eh?

Sweet and Loathsome

It occurs to us that those of you who, like ourselves, listen-in to the B.B.C. when we have nothing better to do, might like a few explanatory words on the subject of the song "The Devout Lover," by Maude Valérie White, which we hear (on an average) once in each night's programme, by singers of every grade. It 's the words which fascinate us chiefly now.

We hope we needn't insist on the operative idea of this song. It 's pathological. The poet is in love, but instead of manfully facing up to the girl, he goes snivelling and whimpering and begging her to trample on him. He begins—

It is not MANE, to sing the stately grace—

and ends, in an ecstasy of self-abasement:

And WAR-sheep her, in distant RAY-ay-ver-ence.

We hope this doesn't make you as hot and embarrassed as it makes us, seven times a week. We 've begun, hearing it so often, to know both imaginary characters concerned pretty intimately. "She" wears mutton sleeves and a chignon, and looks like Black Beauty, the equine hero of our nursery days, once described by Mr. H. G. Wells as "a very Anglican horse." "He" wears a high up-and-down collar and parts his hair in the middle, and has a face rather like a refined ewe. His outlook on this female strikes us as not only ignoble, but frankly blasphemous. There is a famous mediæval Latin hymn, by a German monk, to the Mother of God which is infinitely more restrained and dignified. We make this seemingly startling comparison because we feel you don't make comparisons sufficiently often. We don't think you 're stupid—God forbid!—but we think you don't exercise what you call your brains in the normal way. If you did, you 'd tune in to something else more often than you do.

Lamb (Best English)

We weren't asked to the Lamb Centenary dinner at Edmonton, though our dearest (and, as things are going, practically our only) friend is E. V. Lucas, Lamb's lineal successor. We 're pointedly ignored by the Wine and Food Society equally, though we know more about the wine and food of Christendom than ninety-five per cent. of its members. But do we worry? Excuse us while we titter. Tee-hee!

However, the men of Edmonton drank to the memory of Charles Lamb, whose cottage ("Oak Cottage") at Edmonton is one of the three or four remaining places where you can be certain of being under the same roof as the master once was. Lamb moved there from Enfield in May 1833, aged fifty-eight, and unhappy. It 's a melancholy little house, dark and overshadowed by trees and evergreens, but handy for many pubs. It was on his way to the Bell Inn, in December 1833, that Lamb had a fall. Erysipelas intervening, he died on the 27th, and was buried in Edmonton parish churchyard six days later. Even if we didn't know E. V. Lucas, we should honour Charles Lamb, because we ourselves owe so much to Lamb—our noted urbanity, for example, and the ripe, mellow whimsy of our genius, and the clever way we drink rum-punch.

Like Lamb, we have our "Dream Children." Ours are named Knight, Frank, and Rutley, and some day we 'll write you a wistful essay about them.

"Oo, look, George—from the Corporation"

Racket

Being of a speculative turn of mind, like Addison, we never see the perpetual photographs of this or that popular débutante without wondering how much her mother pays her Press-agent, whether his contract is annual or if it 's piece-work, whether he gets a rake-off when the débutante finally lands the big fish; whether he has a kind face, and so forth. In one of the newspapers recently we saw a large headline about starving Polish peasants selling their children to farmers for a little cash and a cartload of potatoes. This seemed to strike the sub-editor as a novelty, and we reflected for some time on the ingenuous nature of the Press boys, who know so little of the big, wicked world around them. Only last month a dowager, having caught our name wrongly, tried to sell us the last of her débutante daughters in stock, the marriage-settlement to include her personal rake-off, so much down, so much per annum, and two good seats for Wimbledon next season. "Don't let her sting you, boy," said a laughing member of the Corps Diplomatique, overhearing us. "He can trust the old firm," said the dowager coldly; "and that 's enough from you, you poor, yellow fish." "All right, Mimsy, you aquiline hag," retorted the merry diplomat as he passed on.

Negotiations were then broken off, the goods not being as advertised. It 's tough, making a decent living in Mayfair nowadays.

THE BYSTANDERS.

Lady Weymouth, who was the deputy chairman of the Ball, talking to Lord Weymouth. The hard-working charity-ball-going set had a non-stop fortnight up to Christmas, as in-aid-of events were two and three deep every night

Lord Westmorland, the chairman of the Ball, and an extremely good and persuasive one, is with Miss Angela Dudley Ward, the joint-chairman of the Junior Committee, who organised the programme-selling

Paradise Enow . . .

Another Mayfair Charity Ball, This Time In Aid of the Sportsmen's Fund For the British Empire Cancer Campaign

Lady Elizabeth Paget, the second of the Angleseys' five daughters, was one of the star collection of ex-deb programme-sellers; Mr. "Chips" Channon is doing trade with her

The Maharaja of Rajpipla went to the Paradise Ball, which took place at the Dorchester, and was caught for a buttonhole when he arrived, by the Hon. Patricia Berry

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

A Film-ish Trio

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton lunching at the Carlton with Edmund Gwenn and John Loder (back view of him). The latter plays John Ridd in the rather disappointing "Lorna Doone" film

THE great moment has come to wish all our readers a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Not only must this spirit exist in the stately homes of England, such as Welbeck, Clumber, Chatsworth, Longleat, Leeds Castle, Vaynol, Madresfield, Stornoway House and Hanover Lodge, but in every nook and corner to which the BYSTANDER finds its way.

LET us take a look round the Embassy Club on the Thursday before the members break up for their hard-earned holiday. Lady Ashley sits in a party with Mr. Leonard Govett and "Hansom" (note the spelling, please) Hamar Bagnall. I certainly expect to see photographs in the near future of the two last-named sliding down the slopes of the Engadine on their skis, not on their backs. They ought to do the ski-run from St. Moritz to Vienna, to which one can approach thus to within fifty miles. The trouble is that Mr. Bagnall is such a busy man in the world of commerce that he would be unable to spare the six weeks necessary for this little expedition.

Lady Delamere

Elizabeth Welch

An amusing sketch of the coloured star singing "Smoke in Your Eyes," at the Berkeley. The sketch has been reproduced straight from the table-cloth on which it was made, by courtesy, we might say, of Ferraro, who, being an artist himself, understood how necessary it was to remove the said table-cloth

Mr. Geoffrey Raphael accompanied Marguerite, who is very pretty and no longer accompanies Leroy, for she is now Mrs. Geoffrey Raphael. Mrs. Moffatt, with the attractive petit nom Fern, sat there with thoughts of the Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, and the clothes that she will collect for curling.

MRS. (DOLLY) NEAVE is off to Kitzbühl, where I have already news of Mr. and Mrs. Leander McCormick. He has not only been sketching and adding to his famous diary, but from a recent photograph I judge that he has found a dead, rather mangy-looking wolf in the snow, which he appears to have slaughtered with a huge barge-pole. [Having examined the photograph, must correct you and call deceased animal "chamois."—Editor.] Mrs. McCormick is in such voluble lingual form that the Austrian B.C. are about to ask her to do a bi-weekly broadcast upon the social life of the town during the winter sports season.

Left: Lady Delamere, wearing a backless pink and gold lamé dress, dancing at Quaglino's

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON (continued)

Swaebe

Cocktail Talk

Mrs. John Goodenday talking to Mr. Eric Hatry at a big cocktail-party she gave in Portland Place, where she lives

Elsa Maxwell on Park Avenue

Miss Elsa Maxwell photographed in New York. She spends most of her time in Europe, and is publishing her autobiography in London very shortly

Iced Entertainment for Four

Mrs. Stewart-Brown, Mr. "Eddie" Tatham, Mrs. Blew-Jones, whose hairdressing style is worth taking notice of, and Mr. Noel Arnott watching a Christmas gala on the rink at the Ice Club

THE Claude Leighs are staying in London over Christmas, and are giving their customary party; so is Mrs. Scott-Callingham, who was dancing with Mr. Stathartos. Perhaps he will present a large basket of currants for the occasion. Mrs. Gulbenkian danced with the youngest of the Behar division; Mr. Nubar Gulbenkian looked pensively through his eye-glass. I asked Mrs. Ralph Hanké about the possible engagement of Miss "Bunting" Stevenson to Mr. Eskdale ("Fishcakes") Fishburn. As she is her best friend, she was naturally unable to tell me anything about it at all.

MR. EDWARD WILLS had just come up from Littlecote after a wonderful shoot: there is also a fine shoot adjoining it—that of Mr. Billy Rootes, of motor-car fame. Sir Ernest and Lady Wills are just off to the South of France. Their daughter, Mrs. Fairhurst, is a very good markswoman at the pheasants; so is Mrs. Mervyn Wingfield, and another great expert is Mrs. Cutting, an American who shoots a great deal in Norfolk.

THE Cook-Petersen fight at the Albert Hall was a great success for the first-named, although he was the loser. Petersen showed that he was no world champion, and the crowd showed him that it thought so—probably rather a good thing, as he is said to be getting a little conceited. Jeff Dickson, who wins the world's quick-talking championship, was pleased at filling the Hall; celebrities like Lord Lonsdale, Lord Tweedmouth, Colonel "Poss" Myddleton, were there: racing and gin were represented by Mr. Ernest Thornton Smith; hunting by Lord Manton and Miss "Bunty" Puckle (she goes well in Warwickshire); the stage by Tom Walls and Will Hay. Sir Harry Preston brought "one of those delightful little parties" after having drunk "a glass of wine with you, my boy," at the Piccadilly.

C. B. Cochran was in his party, with a rather father-in-law look about him. He had just given his blessing to the coming union of Mr. Campbell Black and Miss Florence Desmond, announced generally in her dressing-room at the Palace, but particularly in these columns during the Australian flight. "C. B. C." gave a party at his house to welcome the young couple.

ON the same evening, Miss Greta Nissen, assisted by Miss Mala Brand, entertained her friends on the stage of the Comedy Theatre, to celebrate her joining the cast of *Hi-Diddle Diddle!* Captain and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, Mrs. McCorquodale, Lady Ashley, and Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth were among those invited, and suddenly it was murmured that there was somebody present who had not been invited. "And the mumbling grew to a grumbling, and the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling . . ."

THE circus opened its doors at Olympia on Thursday. Here is an annual performance which never gets an adverse criticism, and quite rightly. It

Two Jellicoe Sisters

Lady Norah and Lady Gwendoline Jellicoe, two of Lord and Lady Jellicoe's four daughters, at the Ice Club for the Christmas gala

Swaebe

He's Telling Him

Colonel Claude Beddington talking to Lord Scarsdale at the pre-Christmas cocktail-party Mr. Neil Beddington gave

Swaebe

A Transport of Delight

started off with a mammoth luncheon-party: at least 1200 sat down at Mr. Bertram Mills's expense, after which we had all the clowns, trapeze acts, Schumann's horses, Lord Lonsdale presenting bouquets to all the performers, children crowing with delight, and grown-ups doing the same.

At the Alhambra, the "older generation" as it must now be called, waxed very sentimental at the first night of the revival of *The Bing Boys Are Here*, with George Robey and Violet Loraine looking exactly the same as they did seventeen years ago in their original parts. There is a new edition of *Blackbirds* at the Coliseum; *The Scarlet Pimpernel* has come to the Leicester Square Theatre; and Miss Victoria Hopper sings much more at the Prince Edward Theatre as Lorna Doone than did her namesake in the depths of Bagworthy Forest.

One of the finest performances which the London Philharmonic Orchestra has given this year was that of the César Franck Symphony at the Queen's Hall, under the direction of Sir Thomas Beecham. It was on a Sunday afternoon, and on such a spiritual level was the rendering that it seemed the conductor would pronounce his blessing upon the congregation when it was over.

MR. PEEPS

Lady Wimborne and Mr. Hore-Belisha arrived smiling at the Plaza to see "The Soul of a Nation," a collection of news-reel and official photographs taken in the last thirty-five years

Right: Count Louis de Brantes and Lady Moira Forbes, Lord and Lady Granard's elder daughter, photographed a day or two before their wedding, which took place last week at Newton Forbes, Co. Longford

International Alliance

Another Pair of Sisters

Lady Elizabeth and Lady Caroline Paget went to see "The Winning Post," which was acted by a star cast before the King and Queen at a matinée in aid of King George's Pension Fund for Actors and Actresses

Chocolate-Girls and Programme-Sellers

Miss Ursula Kearsley and Miss Daphne Henderson sold chocolates, and Lady Violet Baring and Miss Beatrice Baker sold programmes at last week's Royal Matinée. Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson is behind, second from left

Liberality

Entertaining in a Political Cause at the Liberal Ball

Above: the Hon. Margaret Sinclair, Mr. Lionel Sackville West, Miss Elaine Laine, and Lord Pentland. Miss Sinclair is Lord Pentland's sister; their father was Secretary for Scotland for seven years, and a Liberal M.P. for nearly seventeen

Right: Lady Gladstone, who received the guests, is talking to Sir Herbert Samuel; he, as leader of the Liberal Party, gave the ball his blessing

Below: Lord and Lady Esher, Miss Cressida Bonham-Carter, and her grandmother, Lady Oxford. Cressida Bonham-Carter is a 1935 débutante, and this was her first full-fledged dance

Princess Elizabeth Bibesco, another member of the Asquith family, and Mr. Harcourt Johnstone, the Liberal member for South Shields

Above: Mr. J. C. McFadyean, Lady Helen Asquith, and her brother, the eighteen-year-old Lord Oxford and Asquith, were in the Archibald Sinclairs' party

Right: Jack Holland and June West, the star ballroom dancers from "Streamline," who performed during the evening. The ball, which was run by the Liberal Social Council, was in aid of the funds of the Women's National Liberal Federation

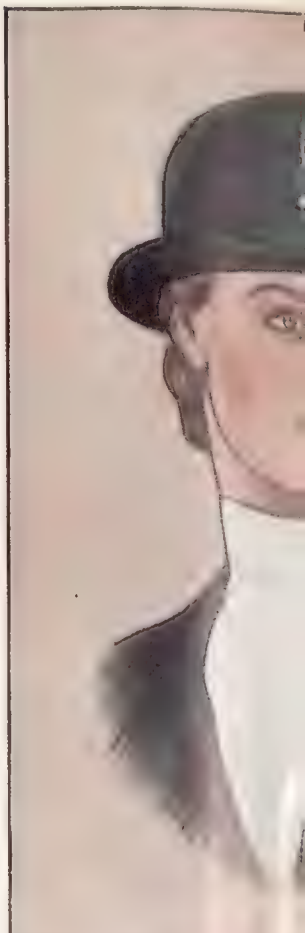
DUNLOP
'90'
1935-the Dunlop "90" Year
C.F.H.

Miss Ulrica Thynne

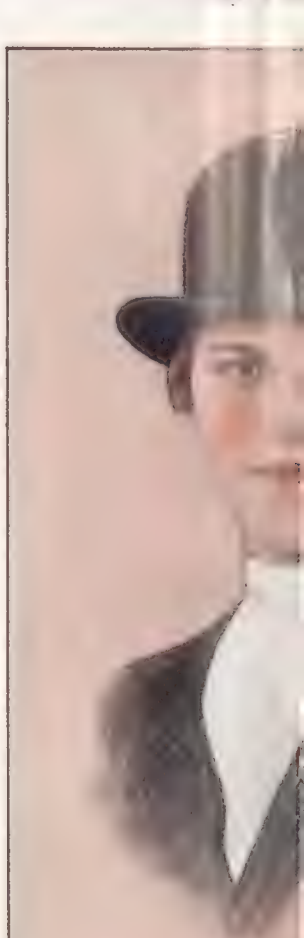
Hunting Lovelies:

By Pat Charles

There are a lot of good-looking women up Leicestershire way: none more so than Miss Ulrica Thynne, who is grand on a horse or off one. She spends most of her winters at Melton Mowbray, and hunts with the Quorn. She is twenty-three, and the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Ulric Thynne; her father is a cousin of the Marquess of Bath



Lady A



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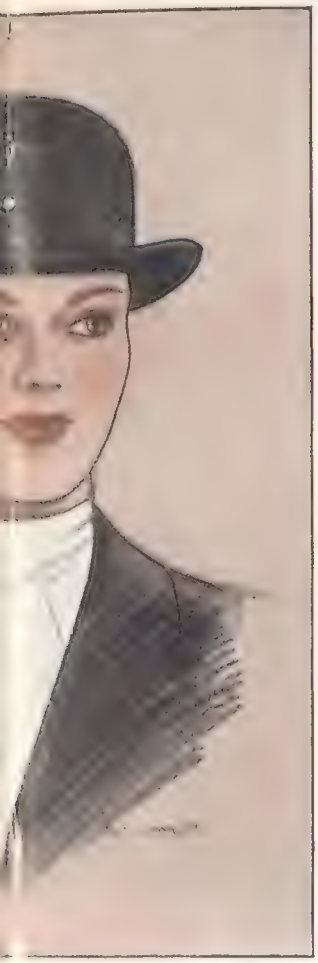


e Bridgeman

ry Dunn

Lady Warrender

Lady Anne Bridgeman is the second of the Earl and Countess of Bradford's three daughters, and hunts mostly with the Albrighton, in whose country her home, Weston Park, is, and with the Cottesmore. She is another very decorative person, in whatever surroundings she is; so are her sisters, Lady Diana Abdy, and Lady Joan Bridgeman, who came out last season

Lady Mary Dunn, before her marriage, when she was Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine, hunted hard all winter and rode in point-to-points with great intrepidity in the spring. Her daughter, Serena, was born early this year, so last season she played the spectator to her friends. She and her husband have an attractive house in Regent's Park

Lady Warrender is another person whose tall slimness is suited excellently by the austere black of habit and coat. She and her husband (he when the House permits) have usually spent much of their time at Exton Park, which is near Oakham, and in the best of the Cottesmore country, and where there is also good shooting

"It's from Uncle William, who went native"

At a Meet of the Quorn

Captain F. J. S. Whetstone with Mrs. Whetstone, whom he recently married, at a meet of the Quorn held at Grimston

At a Meet of the Warwick Swaebe

Mr. Profumo and Miss Profumo, son and daughter of Albert Profumo, K.C., 4th Baron of the Kingdom of Italy, at a meet of the Warwick at Kineton

A Racing Reverie

Father Christmas Pays Out

By "Regular"

A VERY happy Christmas to you all, is the devout wish of Uncle Regular. On this day of all days we forgive and forget, and are just one big, happy family. Admittedly, we all go to Kempton on Boxing Day, and can relieve our over-taxed livers by claiming someone else's plater if we want to, but for one day, at least, we are all the best of friends.

WITH all my faults, I do not covet my neighbour's wealth. "Jolly good luck to the Aga Khan!" say I, as I run off to the post office with the Editor's postal order, the result of a month's work as Uncle Regular; but I would so dearly like to be a rich man at Christmas, so that I could give all my racing friends the presents they would like best.

At a Meet of the Fernie

Mrs. T. A. Fairhurst, seen on the left, with Mrs. Pearce at a meet of the Fernie at Billesdon

SOME people are so easy to choose presents for, you seem to know in a moment what they'd like best—*e.g.*, Lord Carnarvon, a portrait of Mr. Boxall; and Mr. Boxall, a portrait of Lord Carnarvon. It couldn't be easier, could it?

PICTURES make such lovely Christmas presents, and I can just imagine the excitement in the Victoria Club as they undo the packing-case from Uncle Regular and find a lovely portrait of the "very late" Mr. Green. If, in course of time, the members should become wearied of the homely features, they might use it as a dart-board; and Mr. Mealings should be allowed to throw the first dart.

FOR a leading trainer of jumpers I should purchase a Rolls Royce, with the request that it should be kept with the engine running, day and night, in the stable yard. Such an example of what a machine can accomplish should encourage his horses to be more machine-like.

TEXTS and inscriptions, tastefully framed in ornamental fretwork, make delightful presents, and they can be hung over the bed as a constant reminder. One of our most juvenile punters would, I feel sure, much appreciate those lovely words, "Look out for Joe Barnett," while his friend, Mr. Graham would likewise cherish "Oh, what a pal was Basil," with a picture of Sir Crispin in the corner.

PICTURES of horses, when painted by competent artists, are a sheer delight and look lovely in the dining-room, and I can think of nothing more appropriate for a wealthy young couple we all know than a picture of Cecil finishing second. This picture might also appeal to a young Lord, and an old trainer.

I COULD go on at great length with the people for whom it would appear mere child's play to choose a fitting present—a free nomination for Mrs. Hollins's umbrella, which has not been covered for many a long day; a *Racing Up to Date* for the handicapper who, twice in a week, made a mistake of nearly two stone; and a bottle of hair-restorer for Prince Aly Khan's moustache—it is all too easy.

THEN, all of a sudden, one comes to an impasse—what in the world can we give to Major Weyland? Let's face it, chaps, this is a poser. Something more concrete than a merry card with merry thoughts seems indicated, but what shall it be? I am afraid we shall have to take refuge in the time-worn present of half a dozen pocket handkerchiefs. Always useful in the cold weather.

AND now for a little bit about past racing. In the six weeks which have elapsed since the cessation of flat-racing, we have all been jumping, and when I am asked what it has been like, I reply, in the words of the French lady—"Very pretty, very nice, very clean." So clean has it been that, as I told you last week, half the punters are broke.

VIRTUE was rewarded recently at Hurst Park when my young colleague, the infant prodigy, Mr. Clive Graham, won a £250 hurdle race with his faithful old servant Dusty, trained by his faithful old servant David Dale.

DALE is one of the most remarkable men I know with horses with bad legs, as, instead of galloping them, he swims them in the sea. A strong swimmer himself, I understand that he tries all the horses himself, and any animal that can round the lightship and regain the beach in front of Dale is good enough to win a seller anywhere.

IT must be admitted that Dusty's Cesarewitch swim did not work out quite true to form, as Dusty finished last, but this may be accounted for by the fact that the tide was low, and Dusty cheated, having one leg on the ground throughout the swim.

I SHOULD like to see Dale with a stable full of horses, and I have no doubt that he soon will have, as Mr. Graham, like another colleague of mine, Major Harbord, is determined to put all his winnings back into racing. We have splendid types of men on the racecourse Press.

ROUNDABOUT

Swaebe

Clever Dog!

Mr. Neil Beddington gave a cocktail-party the other day, and his bull-terrier gave the entertainment. He jumped over his master's leg for a sausage, and then went foraging for "free do's"

Royal and Champion "Pets"

The Hon. Mrs. Murray Smith, with her champion bull mastiff, Jean Wynward, and the Duke of Gloucester's Hussar Stingo, arriving at the recent Home Pets Exhibition at Olympia

Baroness Thérès
Mr. Ala

Left: the Hon. Edward Jessel, Lord and Lady Jessel's only son, and Lady Helen Stewart, Lord and Lady Londonderry's third daughter, who officially announced their engagement last week

Below are three young Americans—Miss Francesca Livermore, her brother, Pat Livermore, and Miss Hope Iselin—photographed somewhere on Long Island. The latter's father took Lord Glenconner's place for the shooting season for several years, and twice successfully defended the "America's" Cup

Lafayette

Fould-Springer and Pryce-Jones

Alan Price-Jones, Col. and Mrs. H. M. Price-Jones's elder son, and Baroness Thérèse Fould-Springer are being married on Friday at Chantilly. She is the daughter of the late Baron Fould-Springer, Château de Royaumont S.-et-O., and Mrs. Frank Wooster

Mr. P. Buxton and Miss Ruth Lawrence

Philip Buxton, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Forster Buxton, and Ruth Lawrence, daughter of the late Mr. A. T. Lawrence, K.C., and Mrs. Lawrence, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Commander Russell Grenfell and Miss Helen Sheppard

Commander Russell Grenfell, R.N., and Miss Helen Sheppard, youngest daughter of Col. and Mrs. G. S. Sheppard, of Malton House, Shanklin, I. O. W., leaving St. Clement Danes, Strand, after their wedding

Mr. Oliver Watney and Miss Christina Nelson

Oliver Watney, only son of the late Mr. V. J. Watney, and Lady Margaret Watney, and Kirstie Nelson, eldest daughter of the late Capt. T. A. Nelson, of Achnacloich, Argyll, and Mrs. Paul Maze, were married by the Archbishop of Canterbury, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Helen and Ruth Buller were the child bridesmaids, and there were ten grown-up ones as well

Right: Mr. C. H. P. Crawford, R.A., Master and Huntsman of the Bordon Drag, and Miss Rosabel Whidborne are engaged. He is the son of the late Bishop of Stafford, and Mrs. Lionel Crawford, of Edgmond Manor, Newport, Salop, and she is the daughter of the late Rev. G. F. Whidborne and Mrs. Whidborne

A Hunting Engagement

Right: another naval wedding was that of Lieut. John Thompson, R.N., son of Sir John and Lady Thompson, and Miss Barbara Aston-Key, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Aston-Key, who were married by the Bishop of Portsmouth at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Hyman Finck

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD

A beautifully unseasonable photograph from Palm Springs, Hollywood's famous playground. The three gay girls are Eleanor Holm, a champion swimmer, Nancy Carroll, star of "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round," which has been on at the Leicester Square Theatre, and Paulette Goddard, who plays lead in the new Chaplin film. Like the latest Cunarder, his film started life without a name, and is known as No. 5. Paulette Goddard's name has been linked with Charlie Chaplin's in a big way; according to local gossip, they 're already married

" The pleasure crowd had put on weight and age"

The Low-Down on High Life . . .

Sowers of the Wild Oat

By C. Patrick Thompson

Sketches by Clarke Hutton

FROM the side-table where I sat with Marianne, listening to the tale of her new grand passion (not for me), I allowed my glance to stray over the post-theatre night-life scene as displayed by this orchidaceous interior, temporarily the most-favoured place for the high-lifers to sup and drift around a polished yellow floor. And once again I became aware of some peculiarity about this pleasure-bent throng I continually see about these expensive haunts.

What was it? Was it an effect of fashion? Were the women's curves more ample? Were we getting a larger infusion of foreigners? Whatever it was, it was a mass effect. . . . And then it came to me so suddeniy that I was surprised I had not come to realisation of the phenomenon before.

The pleasure crowd had put on weight and age. Its animation was not the gaiety of youth; it was the geniality and joviality of robust middle age, and over-middle age. Mamas and even grandmamas were enjoying themselves, some of them with young men who certainly were neither sons nor nephews. Fathers and grandfathers were here, with ladies who, while they certainly were not wives or daughters, looked improbable nieces.

Girls there were, smart, beautifully made up, in new frocks, intent to please. But their companions seemed ill-chosen for the place and the occasion—males whose clothes and manner could not camouflage the fact that they were much more elderly. And young men there were; but, for the most part, they were being entertained by ladies with Mae West silhouettes (but less than the Mae West preservation), who, when the time came, would certainly pay the bill, or surreptitiously slip over a well-lined bag.

It was sad, I told Marianne, to see youth ousted from the wild-oat fields; sad, and it made me feel old myself. But she narrowed her eyes and asked me if I was referring to her new grand passion, because, he might be fifty, or maybe a year or two more, but he could run a mile, and everybody knew that a man 's at his prime at fifty now; and the more she saw and knew of men, the more she was convinced that experience was what she wanted.

I told her that I should have prefaced my remark with something to indicate that I had been allowing my thoughts to wander off towards more general things; but, since she reminded me of it, I did think it would add to the sadness of life to see Marianne and the Latest Crush added to this pleasure-loving crowd.

IT was not, I am sure—and I am told by my elders—always so. The wild-oat fields used to be the preserve of youth. It was not only their privilege to have a fling; they were encouraged to do so by fond papas, who gained a sort of reflected glory from the masculine exploits of the chips of the old block. Besides, it was argued that if they committed their follies in their youth, they would make exemplary husbands, quiet homekeepers, a worry to no one, when the time came for them to give up the bachelor chambers, dismiss the valet, ask father, for the last time, to pay their debts, and marry the nice girl from the next county, and settle down.

So it was the lordlings and the plutocrats' sons whom one found playing host at those

(Continued on page ii)

" . . . the day has vanished along with boned corsets, 'Alexander's Ragtime Band' and Gertie Millar postcards"

A Gala Night for Club-Swingers: the Golf Ball at Grosvenor House in Aid of St. Mary's

Miss Mervyn Barton, one of the two young golfing sisters, who were both at the Golf Ball, is with Mr. J. Rowell

Brig.-General A. C. Critchley, M.P., Mrs. Philip Hill, and her sister, Mrs. Geoffrey Toye, watching one of the side-shows

Women's Golf:

Qualifying: By Eleanor E. Helme

Dear Bystander,

Playing and lunching for a good cause was the theme last week; this, it is dancing for it, as all the golfing world and his wife were doing at Grosvenor House in aid of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. The Golf Ball is one of the hardy annuals nowadays, with almost all the best golfers there, both men and women, smiting valiantly at the driving competition, guilefully at the putting, and, in between whiles, putting in plenty of gossip. It grows a better function each year, and always will. Look at the pictures on this page and the next.

One of this year's topics of gossip was the letter which has gone out to championship competitors from the L.G.U., asking for an opinion on a suggestion to make the Open Championship qualifying one round of eighteen holes instead of two. Here, indeed, is food for thought. It has so often been said that an eighteen-hole qualifying is a chancey affair, in which one piece of really bad luck might put a quite good player out of it, and, with that argument in view, the L.G.U. very rightly made their first venture of qualifying an affair of thirty-six holes. That was instituted in 1931, at Portmarnock, and with four years' experience behind them, it is only reasonable that the authorities should take stock of the proceedings

Of course, there are plenty of people who would abolish all qualifying rounds, and seek to limit the entry to competitors who have, so to speak, done their qualifying at home—namely, to those of a certain handicap.

To many other people, the less score-play comes into the matter the better. Continual play with card and pencil, though it may steady down the wild slasher in her very callow days, eventually has a deadening effect on a player, producing an attitude of mind and temperament unsuited to the different conditions of match play needed to win the later stages of a championship or an International match. The trouble is that so many players wish to play in a championship nowadays that something must be done to restrict the entry; qualifying is a lesser evil than a handicap limit, because at least it means that the players in the match-play part of the affair are those who are playing reasonably well at the moment on the championship course and under the exciting conditions of a championship meeting; not merely those who, in the seclusion of extra days on courses of their own choosing, have returned cards giving them handicaps of modest size.

Now, the letter sent to competitors sets out the exact proportion of players who qualified this year over thirty-six holes but were not in the first sixty-four at the end of eighteen holes. The number is negligible, and not one of them subsequently earned a medal or even reached last eight, while the majority went out in the first or, at least, the second round.

That seems to show that if a player is not playing well enough to be in the first sixty-four over eighteen holes, she is quite unlikely to do any good in the championship itself, and therefore, need not be seriously considered. After all, a championship is played to find the best player of the year, not to give opportunities for a number of inferior ones to have a good run for their money. If money, in fact, is to come into it, it is immensely desirable to shorten the proceedings as much as possible, and the elimination of one round of qualifying would shorten the championship by a whole day.

Even more important, it would lessen the fatigue, mental as well as physical, which means a great deal to the eventual medallists. Somebody murmurs in my ear that the mental strain of qualifying over eighteen holes would be so much greater than over thirty-six that the balance would be the other way. Personally, I doubt it.

No golfer with any pretensions to going far in a championship ought to feel really apprehensive about arriving in the first sixty-four of an eighteen-hole medal round. At Porthcawl last May that number included half the 88's—and no first-class player should feel incapable of getting round in two under fives, which is what that amounts to.

It is the mental make-up that goes wrong—and the mental arithmetic. If players would just consider that matter of two under fives, they might do better The course whereon any top-notch lady should expect to take more than five for a hole hardly exists, except when a gale is blowing. For an 88 she can take fives at sixteen holes, and fours at the remaining two—not a very stiff task to ask of herself, since there must be at least three holes where threes would be the right figure, let alone the fours which she ought to reel off at so many of the others for which this reckoning allows fives.

Rather a low standard, you say? Not so low as the state of twittering nerves which qualifying seems to produce in so many otherwise sane golfers. I do verily believe that to set out with some such scheme in mind would help some apprehensive golfers.

Yours ever,

Eleanor E. Helme.

P.S.—Last Bystander Fixtures for 1935 are now fixed—September 11th, 12th, and 13th: Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges. October 8th to 11th: Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton.

Below: Miss Kathleen Garnham, an English international, and Mr. Garnham at supper

Above: Miss Raeburn, Mr. Eric Martin-Smith, and Miss Peach all had the smiles of golfers who are doing a good round

Hospital

Major Hind, secretary of Worplesdon, is seen above with Miss Ann de Montmorency and Mr. G. H. Carbutt, whose engagement was announced the other day

Right: Miss Pam Barton, holder of the French Open Championship and runner-up in the English Open Championship this year

Swaebe

Above: Miss Molly Gourlay and Mr. T. A. Torrance were two more club-swinging stars to be seen on the dance floor

Below: Miss Diana Plumpton, another English international, who is sitting between Mrs. Dennis Kyle and her husband

Swaebe

Right: Miss Phyllis Wade, Hampshire golfer and this year's English close champion, driving off in one of the many amusing side-shows

Miss Diana Fishwick, a name famous in the Golf world, is seen dancing with M. Patrick le Blanc

Evening-Dress Golf

Miss Driault was another side-show competitor at the Golf Ball at Grosvenor House, where all the takings went to the Extension Appeal Fund of St. Mary's Hospital

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Here We Are Again!

By Alan Thomas

"HELLO, here we are again!" This was Grimaldi's first greeting, as he sprang into life and mischief to delight the children, and it has been the greeting of every true pantomime clown ever since. I have just finished reading Mr. A. E. Wilson's book, *Christmas Pantomime* (George Allen and Unwin; 10*s.* 6*d.*), and am still under the joyful influence of King Panto. Long life to him! And may his shadow never grow less.

Mr. Wilson's object is to tell the story of British pantomime, from its introduction into England up to the present day, "to show exactly what made our forefathers laugh, what made them flock to those gas-lit, orange-scented theatres to endure the long-drawn-out agony of the crush and the queue and crowd the pit and gallery on Boxing Night . . . and to revive something of the magic that transformed the theatre itself into part of the realm of pantomime."

All this he does, and more, most admirably. There are chapters on the history of Panto. There is a chapter—one of the most moving in the book—on the immortal Joe Grimaldi, hero of *Mother Goose*, singer of "Hot Codlins," "the Michelangelo of buffoonery," the greatest clown that England has ever produced, the man who created the tradition of Harlequinade, and whose very name is perpetuated to this day in that of "Joey the Clown." There are tales of other clowns—Tom Matthews, Wieland, Harry Boleno, Flexmore, Harry Payne, George Lupino, Whimsical Walker, and the rest. A great deal of the story centres round that home of pantomime, Drury Lane, and the great names associated with it—Sir Augustus Harris, for example, with his love of splendid spectacle and gorgeous tableaux and processions. A comedian once approached him and begged permission to insert a joke concerning an English and a French sailor. "Certainly, my boy," replied Sir Augustus, "put it in, and we'll have a procession for it—sailors of all nations." And so on to such familiar names as Dan Leno, Herbert Campbell, Harry Randall, Wilkie Bard, George Graves—not to mention Arthur Collins, Jimmy Glover, and one whose loss all true lovers of pantomime are mourning this Christmas. I mean Julian Wylie, whose notes chronicled at the end of Mr. Wilson's book contain much that will be of value to future producers of pantomime. "In putting on my shows," Mr. Wylie wrote, "I allow myself to be governed almost entirely by children. Experience has taught me that if I can please them, the success of the pantomime is assured." And when asked if pantomime is dying, "No," he replies; "pantomime will never die. It remains the only stage exposition of our national legends and folk tales." I hope he may prove to be right. At all events, Mr. Wilson's book (which, by the way, is copiously illustrated) should itself contribute to the prolongation of King Panto's reign. *Christmas Pantomime* is the sort of book that does one's heart good to read.

From a photograph by Ansel Adams

Phyllis Bottome

Whose new novel, "Private Worlds" (John Lane, the Bodley Head), has just been published and is reviewed on this page

"A CHRISTMAS PARTY," by Paul Bloomfield (Geoffrey Bles; 5*s.*), is a queer book, and I don't know that the author altogether brings it off. The story, which is told in 125 pages, concerns the journey through life of Almeric Bellew, from early boyhood, when he was worried by the question: What shall we be like when we go to Heaven?—up to the time when, as Sir Almeric, and rich as Crœsus, he returned one Christmas to the village of his childhood and was taken to the strangest of strange parties. This party forms the climax of the book, and the upshot of the business (if I may be forgiven the phrase in reference to a work of such delicate suggestion) seems to be that, except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Or, rather, when you *do* go to Heaven, you become little children, particularly if you happen to have been a murderer, a tyrant, a slave-driver, a torturer, a betrayer, or a war-lord. Anyway, love is all that matters.

The earlier part of the book contains some faintly interesting episodes in the life of Almeric and his friends. But I cannot say that the story gripped me. The writing is too elusive. What Mr. Bloomfield was trying to say, could, I feel, have been said with greater simplicity. The only thing I am clear about is that the author is on the side of the angels. And that is something.

I FOUND Miss Phyllis Bottome's new novel, *Private Worlds* (The Bodley Head; 7*s.* 6*d.*) quite absorbing. But it will not be to everyone's taste, for it has as its venue a mental hospital, and as its principal characters the alienists who run it. I am not well up in the science of psychiatry, but Miss Bottome writes with such conviction that I am prepared to accept as expert opinion the rather technical conversations between the medical staff on their patients, which form a not inconsiderable part of the book. Indeed, layman as I am, I found myself following these conversations with interest for the insight which they give into the modern methods of the treatment of lunacy.

But the core of the book is the personal relationships existing between the head of the hospital, his two assistants, Jane Everest and Alec Macgregor, and the latter's wife, Sally. As I read Miss Bottome's penetrating analysis of the characters and reactions of these four people, with the constantly recurring theme of lunacy, I began to wonder whether mental disease was not contagious. For it is difficult, judging from the behaviour of this quartet, to avoid the impression that the three medical members are extremely odd people. When Sally appears as a young bride, she seems refreshingly ordinary; but six months of her erratic husband, together with an atmosphere charged with mental derangement, are sufficient to upset her brain. I thought Miss Bottome particularly successful in describing the crisis that led up to Sally's mental breakdown. The immediate cause was apparently her husband's unfaithfulness; but Miss Bottome is not one to accept immediate causes at their face value. The real trouble was Sally's jealousy of the intellectual friendship which existed between her husband and his fellow alienist, Jane Everest. All ends well, however. Sally gets back her reason and her husband, and Jane marries the head of the hospital, a queer, "tied-up" type.

I congratulate Miss Bottome on her character studies, all of which ring true. But I hope her alienists are not typical of the staff of most mental institutions.

Fashions

By Jean Burnup

You Want to Get Away From It All? You want to walk alone and talk to Nature? Well, even if you've buried yourself somewhere in the depths, seven miles from the nearest white man, you'll need country clothes. And country clothes are so smart and attractive to-day, that they might as well be nice country clothes. The sort you can wear when you've had enough solitude, and, more sociably, go country-house or country-cottage visiting. Here are some.

The trim little suit is Cumberland tweed, brown and fawn check, dark-brown buttons marching down the front of the coat. Pockets, a neat collar, a good walking skirt, an excellent line. £3 10s. Marshall and Snelgrove.

The cardigan suit and matching top-coat is Yorkshire tweed, beige with a thin brown diagonal line, extremely well tailored. Seven and a half guineas. Also from Marshall and Snelgrove.

Alex Lord designed the jumper suit, which is made of soft, waterproof suède. Turquoise, with hat to match. Or it can be made in any colour you like. Leathercraft, Berkeley Street.

TRIUMPHANTLY, the swinging three-quarter suit—coat with skirt or frock—marches on through all the seasons, suiting its fabric to its weather; but always there, with its faithful I-look-good-on-you air.

Almost any figure wears it to advantage. Millions of women will speak for the good service it renders. Early Spring collections show it again and again.

Here are two three-quarter suits that you could wear now on mild winter days; or, right through to tulip time.

Harrod's suit is a nubbly blue-grey woollen, warm and light. The collarless dress has short sleeves, a cross cut on the skirt, a belted waist and three starry buttons. The coat-collar stands out from the neck casually, because a strap runs beneath it, to fasten decoratively at the throat-line. The lovely hat (also Harrod's) has the bold, upward curve you will all be wearing soon.

Harvey Nichol's frock is light fawn, with a fine diagonal brown stripe, a little basque, a brown belt and a draped collar, whose fullness is held with a brazil-nut button. Long sleeves. The brown coat (a heavier weight woollen than the dress) has wide collar revers of brown lamb.

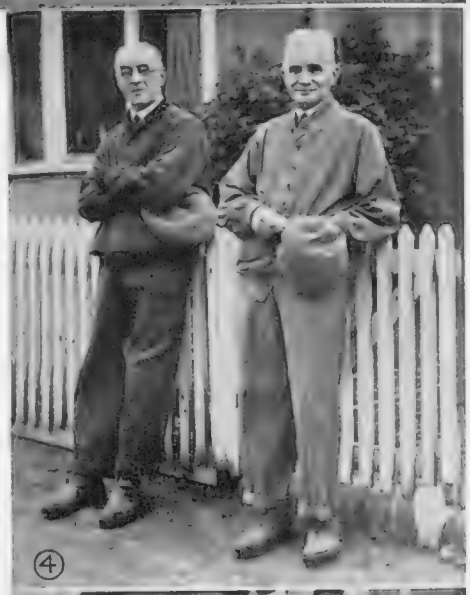
Helen Macgregor

Helen Macgregor

FILM-ACTRESS Norah Baring, wearing a dignified hostess gown that is a piquant contradiction to her dark, faun-like beauty. Smooth black romaine clings to each line of the figure, like ivy to walls, and flows down to the train in an unbroken, queenly line. Sleeves, neck, shoulders, and the entire back to the waist are made of black net, lavishly embroidered with silver bugles.

SINGER-DANCER Inga Andersen showing the perfect party dress. Ever seen a dragon-fly darting about in the sun? They 've captured its iridescent colourings and put them into shining cellophane that changes colour with every move and play of light. The line is modified *robe de style*, tight at waist and hips, and then billowy. Four silvery buttons. Both dresses from Debenham and Freebody.

(1) L. to r.: M. N. Green (Captain of the Club), S. Whyte (Committeeman), F. S. Thompson and R. L. N. Taylor (Vice-President). (2) Back row, l. to r.: C. D. Taylor, K. L. Duck, C. H. Middleton (Captain of the Team), and J. H. Paul. Front row: R. L. H. Taylor, R. C. Taylor, P. F. Apted and P. C. Middleton (winners of Surrey G.U. Inter-Club Team Tournament, 1934). (3) Canon H. F. S. Adams and L. B. Sutcliffe. (4) G. W. Robins and G. Austin. (5) W. Thrift and W. G. Bacon (Committeemen) and D. J. McConachy. (6) C. G. Silcock and E. G. Macadie. (7) S. G. Morrison and Major Norman B. Avery (the Club's Hon. Sec.)



Golf Clubs at Home

Redhill and Reigate

Flying Towards the Stars

By Charles Ward

New Worlds to Conquer

THE stratosphere, that mysterious void above the earth where the air, as we know it, is not fit to breathe, is said to be the medium for flight in the future. The lack of oxygen in rarefied space presents the danger to flying at high altitudes, but at the same time, the lack of resistance to movement will allow very high speeds to be developed, once a 'plane has reached its stratospheric level. Exploration towards the stars is being conducted in Belgium, Russia, Germany, and the United States. Wiley Post, who was an entrant for the Mac-Robertson Trophy Race, and had intended to fly in the stratosphere for that event, but unfortunately damaged his machine, climbed to 45,000 feet a week or so ago. The results of his voyage of discovery are not yet available, but apparently he suffered no great discomfort and found that "Winnie Mae"—his veteran Lockheed "Vega"—was quite equal to the task. The problem of supplying the engine with suitable fuel is a simple one compared with the difficulties of sealing the cabin and providing the crew and passengers with oxygen. If a 'plane collapsed in the stratosphere, parachutes would be of little use—the extreme cold and lack of oxygen would cause death long before warmer levels were reached.

All the Way by Air

THE Foreign Office presents its compliments to the Air Ministry and begs the latter to accept as a Christmas present the right to operate our Imperial air routes across France and Italy to Africa and the East. The train journey from Paris to Brindisi will not be necessary in the New Year, and just as soon as Imperial Airways have been able to replan their schedules, passengers will fly from Paris to Marseilles and thence by flying-boat, via Rome or Naples, to their destinations. The new convention with Italy concerns two routes; first, via Rome, Naples, and Brindisi to Greece, and the second via Tripoli and Benghasi to Egypt. It may be decided that our route to the East shall proceed from Greece, via Palestine, without touching Egypt, as at present, and that the African section shall operate via Malta to the Tripolitan coast. In return for her concessions, Italy has strengthened her landing rights in Palestine and Transjordania, and may establish a permanent route to Eritrea via the Sudan. France, presumably, will receive further concessions for her service to Indo-China, which is made easier by using British facilities across Palestine, Irak, India, and Burma. It all seems quite fair, but what a pity that such agreement has been deferred so long!

At the End of the Season

IN actual fact, the end of the year is not significant for flying, which requires the return of better weather or longer hours of daylight for its full enjoyment as a sport or pastime. December has proved the worst flying month since February, though on the air routes bookings have remained remarkably firm and Imperial Airways' "night" service has proved most popular. Christmas traffic to Jersey has been on a boom scale, with three and four "Dragons" flying together to cope with the rush. The Brooklands Club has started its winter theatricals under the direction of Mr. A. Woods, who is a film producer at Elstree. Brian Lewis reports seventeen second-hand aeroplanes for sale, ranging from a Spartan two-seater at £200 to a Dragon at £2350. 'Planes to suit all purses can be seen at Heston, Hanworth, and Brooklands, to mention three aerodromes where the majority of sales are effected. The Air Ministry announces that a national aviation meteorological station, whose programmes will consist only of weather reports, forecasts and warnings for airmen, is to be erected by the Marconi Company at Cranwell. It will be operated by the Air Ministry and will transmit bulletins throughout the day.

Straight from the League of Nations: Mr. Anthony Eden alighting from an Imperial Airways liner at Croydon. Does his smile indicate good tidings from Geneva or the Saar, or one of those distressed areas east of the Channel?

The streamline contours of the new de luxe Ford are revealed in this sylvan setting. This "single entrance" or two-door model is priced at £135

Who Has the Right of Way?

By The Earl of Cardigan

I WAS recently studying with interest an article written by a fellow motoring correspondent on the subject of accidents at cross-roads. In general, he appeared to advocate the institution of a definite "right of way"; i.e., he took the view that certain streams of traffic should enjoy a legal precedence over certain other streams of traffic. In particular, he favoured the enforcement of what is known as the "off-side" rule.

With the general objective quoted I emphatically agree. I have always felt it to be essential that when two cars meet at a cross-roads, and when there is no policeman or traffic signal-light to give guidance, then some hard-and-fast rule should exist, enabling one car to go ahead, and compelling the other to give way.

I regard some such rule as essential for two reasons. In the first place, fewer accidents would occur. One driver would feel himself absolutely free to accelerate over the crossing, while the other would know that he was definitely bound to slow down, or, if necessary, stop.

Secondly, if an accident were to occur, there could be no question as to who was the guilty party. It could be shown by the police that one driver was obviously in the right, and the other no less clearly in the wrong. This being so, magistrates would need to feel no hesitation in inflicting a heavy sentence on the delinquent.

In other words, an invariable rule of precedence at cross-roads should completely eliminate the "six of one and half-a-dozen of the other" verdict which one may now feel inclined to apply to a good number of such accidents.

TO turn now to the particular "rule of the road" advocated in the article referred to, I fear I cannot join in the writer's enthusiasm for the "off-side" rule. Let us consider for a moment what this rule implies.

Briefly, in traffic regulated by the "off-side" rule, every car would have to give way to every other car approaching from the right. Every car would have precedence over every other car approaching from the left.

There are, of course, some good points here. The rule is simple. It covers all probable eventualities. It demands that a driver shall look out for danger coming from one direction only.

There is, to my mind, however, one fatal objection. A stream of fast traffic on the Great North Road would have to come to a complete standstill, if necessary, to give way to a single farm cart coming out from a narrow, one-track lane—provided always that the cart was emerging from the maid-road drivers' right-hand side.

To me, this seems to be "agin' nature." What is a main road, and why is it called "main," if the traffic on it is to enjoy no precedence? Would not the operation of the "off-side" rule, in a case such as I have mentioned, be contrary to the natural instinct of the average individual?

The most natural thing, without doubt, is for side-road traffic to give way to main-road traffic; and this is, in fact, the common practice of motorists all over the country. It is officially recognised as being the orthodox practice, even though, unfortunately, it is not compulsory.

(*Continued on page* ii)

Oxford v. Cambridge at Twickenham

By H. H. Harris

The Cambridge team achieved an unexpectedly smashing victory over Oxford by twenty-nine points to four after a first half which was fairly level, and thoroughly deserved their success

Fyfe makes things hot. He was much too speedy for Warr

Grieve at full-back, and his safe pair of hands

Bush gets a left-foot dropped goal

The elusive Cliff Jones—the mighty atom

Below: McGrath was very tenacious and aggressive

Wooller dropping his most sensational goal

Cranmer was well policed by Wooller

Nicholson saw a lot of the ball

Johnston's try was yards quicker than all the others

At your favourite restaurant

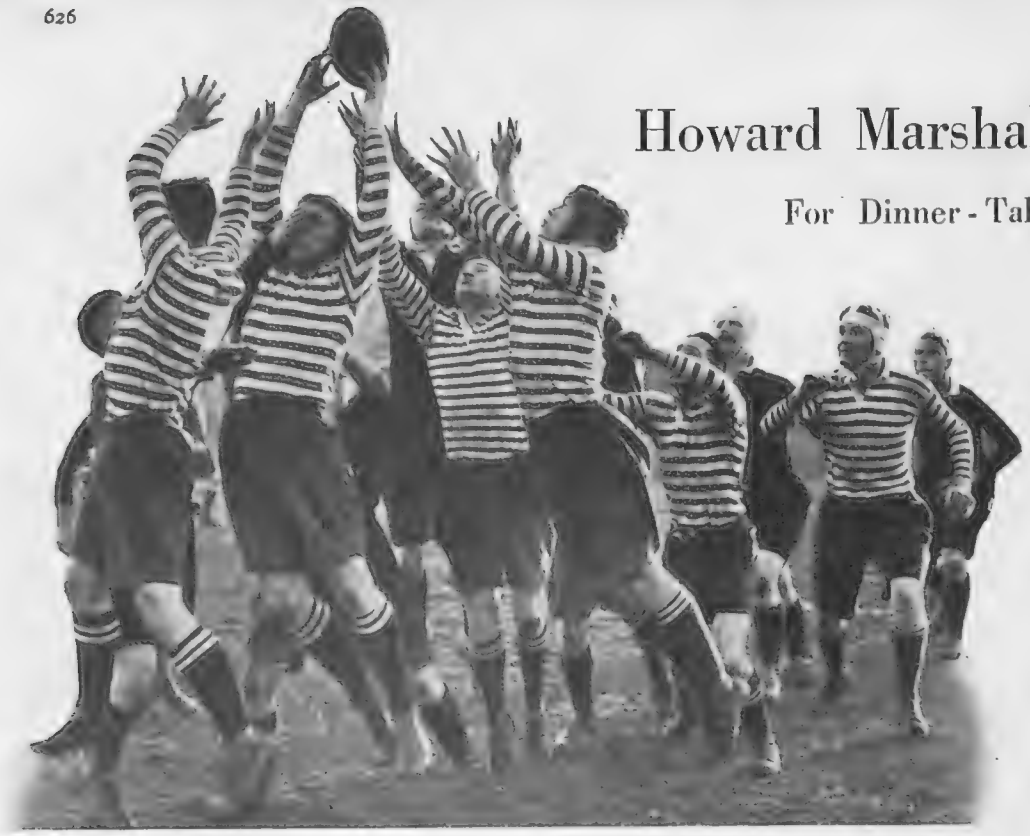
beer is best

In the best of restaurants a good dinner is all the better for beer. Some dishes, indeed, are never savoured to full advantage without it—roast grouse, say, at the Palatial—bread and cheese at the wayside inn! And beer, encouraging appetite with the pleasant bitter tang of hops, promotes good digestion. Say to the waiter, then, "We'll have beer."

41

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

For Dinner-Table Controversy



The County Championship

An incident in the Surrey v. Hampshire county match, played at Richmond, showing the home forwards, in stripes, gaining possession in a line-out. Surrey gained a victory by two tries, six points, to a goal, five points

"ALL Rugby footballers are cheats." Don't blame me for saying that. I don't believe it, oddly enough; but it was a remark passed fairly to me by an eminent person, speaking with some authority, the other day.

He was a little bitter about it. He shot it out like a melodrama villain, and then buried his determined chin in his overcoat and refused to take further part in the conversation.

A pity, for the conversation promised well. It tallied, moreover, in its general trend, with the sentiments of one of our best referees, who threatens to hang up his whistle for ever, simply because he is sick and tired of failing to make players abide by the laws.

I sympathise with this excellent referee. Not only has he to contend with obtuse players, but there are offensive spectators who bray ignorant abuse at him from the touch-line.

It is one of the strange aspects of mob psychology that a normally decent individual becomes a hooligan when he is watching a football match. What I cannot understand is his willingness to make public his ignorance of the game and his lack of sportsmanship by shouting at an efficient referee.

I HAVE often watched these referee-baiters in amazement. Little, mild men, they often are, bowler-hatted and be-spectacled, fish-belly-faced individuals who have clearly never touched a Rugby football in their unadventurous lives. And there they stand, shouting their little hearts out at a man who is doing a difficult job as well as he can for the love of the game.

There were lots of them down at Exeter, where I went to watch a county match not long ago. I have heard them at Twickenham and the Rectory Field. They should be rounded up and herded into a large lethal chamber and quietly put away.

ABOUT this cheating, though, which is rather more serious. There are, I think, perhaps too many players who do not wilfully defeat the laws, but are careless—shall we say?—in their observance of them. They do not, for instance, hurry to get on-side when they are palpably off-side: they are not above a little genial handing-back in the scrum if they think the risk is small: they will cheerfully obstruct their opponents by the less obvious methods.

And if you accused them of sharp practice, they would, as the poem has it, "rave and swear and take it quite amiss." One of the leading offenders, indeed, was tackled on the subject in a good-natured manner recently and asked why he did things which were so clearly contrary to the spirit of the game. "Oh, well," he said, "you see, everyone does it, and if I didn't, I'd be left behind."

AM I making a mountain out of a molehill? Maybe, but I do think rather too much skullduggery goes on in first-class Rugby football. When I see fourteen penalty kicks awarded, perfectly rightly, by an uncommonly competent referee in a game played by experienced footballers, I am forced to the conclusion that something is seriously wrong.

NOW to more cheerful affairs. Heaton and Leyland, for example. For the life of me I can't keep these irrepressible Lancashire lads out of my ruminations. I have letters about them by every post: long, indignant letters, maintaining that they should both play for England. Well, so they should, in my opinion. And so, doubtless, they will, if only we possess our souls in patience.

"Do you imagine," says one correspondent, "that the All-Blacks would leave either of them out of their team? And when England have the Heaven-sent chance of playing a couple of centres who combine so brilliantly, why, in the name of common sense, put them so far apart, one in the wing, and one at stand-off half?"

Why, indeed? Or, if you happen to be of an experimental turn of mind, why not? There is a third trial match, and I, for one, should like to see Heaton and Leyland playing together against Cranmer and Gerrard.

If they made rings round Cranmer and Gerrard, all our doubts would be at rest. And what a blessing it will be if P. Candler proves himself the stand-off half we so sorely need!

NOW, here is another little argument, as difficult to settle as that twister about the effect which would be produced by the pressure of an irresistible force against an immovable object. J. A. Tallent was originally a stand-off half. Born and bred in the briar-patch, so to speak. Tallent is a thruster. He goes through the gap like a sky-rocket. And, say the wiseacres, he goes so suddenly that he loses his centres, is cut off and irretrievably lost.

Now, there are pundits of another school, who reply: "Ah, yes, we've heard that before. But, surely, my dear Sir, the responsibility for this disaster lies with the centres. They should keep up with Tallent, and make the most of his brilliant attack.

"Ask Mark Nicholls, of New Zealand, what he thinks about it. Backing up, that is the secret of successful attack, and to back up a thruster like Tallent means tries every time. Imagine Tallent with two such instinctive attacking players as Heaton and Leyland behind him. What defence, we ask you, could stand out against such a devastating mid-field combination?"

A pretty point, certainly, and I throw it out as a subject for dinner-table controversy. As sure to produce fun and laughter as any other Christmas novelty. And we come now to the Christmas tours, the Barbarian matches, the freedom from solemnity which is so welcome when we consider what lies before us. Already we have applied for tickets for an International match. Already the 'Varsity match has passed into legend. Another season is moving from anti-climax to anti-climax. Heigh-ho!

War to the Knife—and Fork

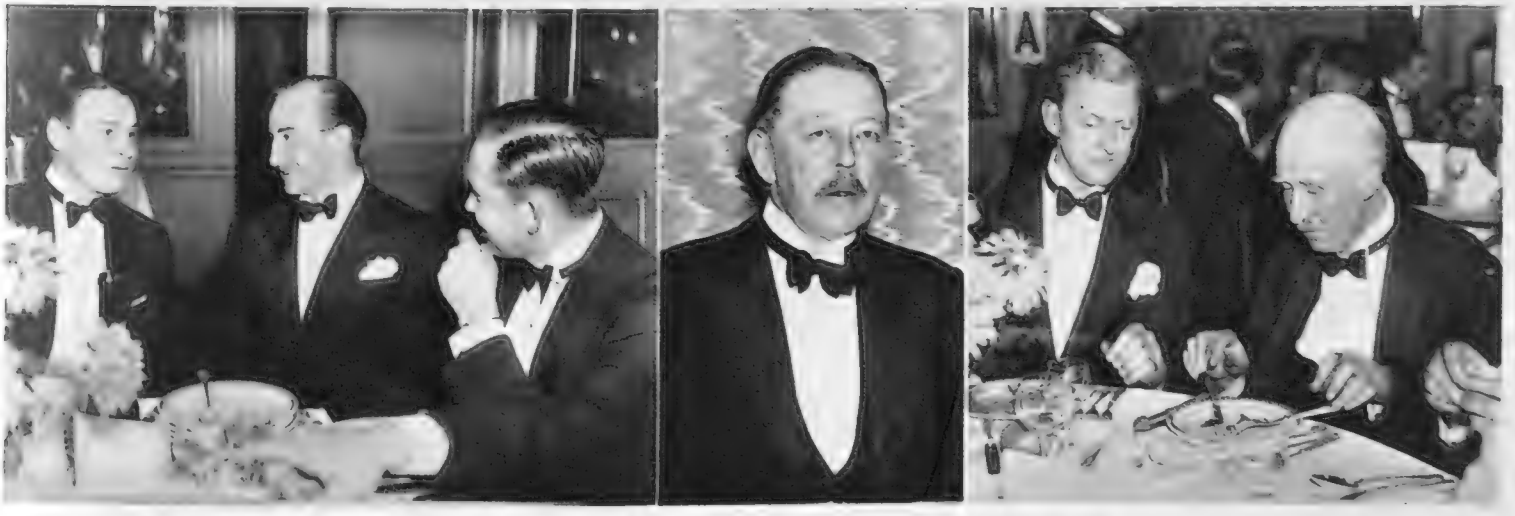
"Rugger" Players in Action and Repose

E. L. Phillips, the Blackheath three-quarter, getting away with the ball in the match against Richmond played at the Old Deer Park and in the mud

The Falmouth mud has so bespattered these Probable players in the England Trial Match that it seems unsafe to try to fathom their identities. Still, the Trial was a good one and taught the Selectors something. There is England v. the Rest before the team against Wales is finally picked. Right: G. C. Gregory tackled by J. K. Watkins

Something Like a Trial

J. A. Lawrence, the Cardiff linesman, talking to the Referee, George Warden, at Twickenham, when Cardiff beat the Harlequins by 9 points to 3



The Richmond "Rugger" Club Dinner at the Café Royal

C. R. Hopwood, the Richmond captain; B. H. Black, Blackheath and England; and F. R. Brown, the Surrey and England cricketer, at the Richmond dinner

L. R. T. Frere, the Chairman of the Richmond Rugby Football Club

Sir J. W. L. Napier, Bart., the old "Rugger" player, with E. de Lissa, a name well known in the football world

Sport with the Lid Off : By "Mark Over"

Maurice Tate. What boots it?

Left: Maurice Tate, the popular Sussex and England cricketer, keeps fit in the winter by beagling with the Brighton Beagles Sussex way

The teams crossing the bridge at Farningham in the Inter-'Varsity Cross-Country Race, won by Cambridge by 23 points to 32

Another Light Blue Victory

ALL those apostles of gloom who take a delight in making dismal pronouncements are having a gay time just now pointing out the decline in the athletic standards at Oxford University. They moan over the 'Varsity match; they wail that the Dark Blues were beaten in the "Soccer" clash at Highbury; they suck mortification from the defeat of Oxford at squash rackets and in the cross-country race. And, by jingo, how they love it all!

Now, I refuse to think that Cambridge are so mighty much better than their "enemies" at the sister University. Truth is, of course, these things go in cycles: it is the turn of Cambridge this year, next year Oxford may well come out on top.

And, by the way, if you are a believer in omens, then—should you be a supporter of Oxford—there are very definite signs and portents that the Dark Blues will manage to break their long sequence of Boat Race defeats! This is how it goes: last year, Oxford won the "Rugger" and "Soccer" matches, and in the following April Cambridge romped away with the Boat Race. This year, as we well know, Cambridge took a turn to triumph at Twickenham and in the "Soccer" game, and next April . . . ! Well, we must wait and see.

BY the way, while the Light Blues' victory was clear-cut enough at Twickenham—the Oxford pack just couldn't get the ball back to a match-winning lot of outsides, I thought—their success in the "Soccer" fray was not so good. As a matter of fact, the standard of play was shockingly poor, as, indeed, it has been in post-war years.

I have given the reason for this before. It is, of course, that the swing of the schools from Association football to Rugby is limiting the 'Varsities' selection of players. Yet, with it all, I think that the standard could be vastly improved were Oxford and Cambridge both seriously to set out to *learn* how "Soccer" should be played.

It would seem now that the players have overlooked the one vital factor in the improvement of their game. That is, study of the methods of the big professional teams. I dare say that of the twenty-two players out on the field at Highbury the other week, only a half-dozen or so had seen the Arsenal in action more than a couple of times. Yet what did we get? Both centre-half-backs tried desperately hard to play the "third back" game—the style of defence which was perfected by the Arsenal.

What was the result? The pivots stayed at home in their own penalty areas, but there were wide, open spaces in mid-field, where the ball bobbed about aimlessly. The teams did not seem to realise that the "third back" game is only really convincing when there are inside forwards capable of falling back and foraging for the ball. Those inside forwards are the links between the attack and the defence. And had the 'Varsities only seen the Arsenal playing, they would have realised this right away.

WHILE I am talking of "Soccer," I would wish to point out how keen is the fight in the professional leagues just at present. Especially in the Second Division is there a grand struggle going on, with two London clubs and a couple from Lancashire battling desperately for the promotion stakes. For those of you who still long to see the classic style of the old days, with machine-like passing and close dribbling, I would advise a visit to any match in which Bolton Wanderers are figuring.

A great side this Lancashire combination. They have a couple of youngsters in Westwood and Eastham who seem to keep the ball on a bit of string. Indeed, even the half-backs—and this is a strange sight these days—bring the ball along with delightful dribbles.

Not so long ago, Everton went back into the First Division on what may be called a "pure football" ticket. In the hurly-burly of the lower Division they played with the craft usually associated only with the premier league. Bolton Wanderers are adopting the same methods in their fight to regain First Division status.

Their county rivals, Manchester United, are not quite so polished, but with less craft goes a verve and enthusiasm that is keeping them up in the promotion race. And in London we have West Ham and Brentford battling with the others—and playing delightful football into the bargain. Indeed, the Second Division is stealing much of the thunder of the First League these days.

NOW let's get back to Rugby for a moment or so, with a word for the hint of trouble that is brewing for somebody. Very frank, I thought, was the speech made by Mr. Leslie Langton, the vice-president of the Richmond Club, regarding the competition which the Rugby Union is putting up to clubs around Twickenham. As you know, the Twickenham neighbourhood is honeycombed with "Rugger" grounds. But when the Union's headquarters is the stage for a big match, Richmond and the other clubs luckless enough to be playing home games get pretty thin times of it.

Apart from the Internationals and the 'Varsity match, Twickenham is used for the Service games and matches organised by London. So with this welter of fixtures—and they are many in a season—Richmond, London Scottish, Rosslyn Park and the rest are feeling the pinch. What is going to happen? Well, there is a pretty broad hint that if things go on too far then some clubs will be thinking seriously of breaking away from the Union!

There have, of course, been Rugby "splits" before. The biggest was in 1893, when clubs in the north fell out with the Union over the question of "broken time." Lancashire, Yorkshire and other counties in the north formed the Rugby League. The Union was shaken to its foundations; indeed, for many years the standard of Rugby—the amateur game, that is—was at a very low ebb.

Maybe the Richmond warning is only to "ginger up" the Union over this matter of fixture clashes. I hope so. It would be a thousand pities were Richmond, one of the oldest clubs in the country, to fall out with the Union over a matter which, I feel sure, could be easily adjusted.

DID you notice the other day the announcement that National Hunt jockeys have been ordered to see that their skull caps—or crash helmets, if you like—were in perfect condition? The onus for seeing that helmets were not worn-out was put on trainers, and I gather that things will be made very uncomfortable should the Stewards find a jockey riding with anything but first-class headgear.

The Scottish "Rugger" Trial at Melrose

Scotland met the Rest in the International Rugby Trial at Melrose in a match in which many Anglo-Scots were picked to appear, and the former won by 23 points to 3; but, nevertheless, the trial was unsatisfactory, thanks to the fact that neither pack played up to international form. A Rest player is seen above breaking away on the blind side

D. C. H. Townsend

Son of the famous C. L. Townsend, of Gloucester, the Oxford Blue, who is accompanying the M.C.C. team to the West Indies

It seems curious that this order should have to be made. You would think that men facing the hazards of steeplechasing would see that they were adequately protected about the head. I do not say a crash helmet will save a fellow every time; but it certainly minimises the risks of the "roughrider."

Things are different in other sports. Look at your ice-hockey player—padded up like a super-easy chair! Or, again, have you ever seen an American Rugby player taking the field! Your American football suit is "tough."—as tough as the "tough" game in which it is used. Even some cricketers—in Australia, anyhow—have taken to wearing body shields! And then, of course, there was cheery "Patsy" Hendren's anti-body-line bonnet, a curious affair with ear-flaps, peaks at back and front, and, from a casual glance, ample padding!

WITH all the sport moving just now, I find that I have little space left to deal with Fred Perry's surprising defeat at the hands of the giant-killing Adrian Quist. Though here, if I may be thoroughly smug, I can say "I told you so!" Perry, as I warned some months ago, seemed to be playing too much tennis. But there, can we blame him? How tempted anyone would be to go gasconading around the world, following the sun with a tennis racket!

Top: D. O. Wilson, the Oxford captain, talking to J. A. Gillies (Cambridge), whom he beat in the Inter-'Varsity Squash Rackets match

R. Pulbrook (Oxford) and his successful opponent, H. W. D. Yardley (Cambridge)

C. Bewicke (Cambridge) and E. A. Clarke (Oxford). Bewicke won this match

R. C. Riseley (Oxford) and P. C. Conran (Cambridge). Conran won this match, and Cambridge the whole event by four to one

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Infected by the Golfing Germ

Our Golfers in Australia

T. A. Bourn and the Hon. Michael Scott, two of the British Team of amateur golfers visiting Australia, entertained at dinner by the Queensland Golf Council. Seated between them is Sir Edward Macartney

TO INTRODUCE

To our readers J. S. F. Morrison, who, in the absence of F. G. L. Fairlie in Hollywood, is taking the place of our regular golf correspondent next week. No introduction should, however, be necessary, for J. S. F. Morrison is one of our best all-round sportsmen, who, in addition to playing golf, has represented the Old Carthusians and Corinthians at "Soccer" and collected all sorts of blues. All those who have played in the "Bystander" Golf Tournament will remember that his cheery personality helped to make things go and had much to do with the success of these meetings

J. S. F. Morrison

I WENT to a play last night. It was a good play, and during the evening one of the characters made a remark which has lingered in my mind. The sentence was very aptly worded, but unfortunately I cannot remember the exact phraseology; however, the man said something like this: "Isn't it funny how so many people, just by hitting a little ball into a little hole, consider that they have not lived in vain?"

You know . . . it is—very funny. When all is said and done I can well understand the point of view of the person who, never having played golf, considers it quite the silliest game in the world. And yet it is a fact that all these critics, when once they start to play, are infected by the golfing germ and never lose it. They continue to play this game of ours, some with increasing skill, others with no apparent improvement whatsoever, but all enjoying themselves equally, and all realising that they have at last found something which is completely satisfying as a form of entertaining exercise.

I wonder why this should be so? On the face of it, it is difficult to realise quite why golf is a so much better game than any other that I can think of. Of course, we get gentle exercise—which is extraordinarily good for us—and we get the great excitement—I nearly wrote "exhilaration"—which the perfectly hit shot will always provide for the player. But there is very little doubt that golf is the most irritating game in the world, and that, after a bad day, otherwise perfectly sane people have been known to go and break every single club in their bag (I am talking of the pre-steel era, of course).

I WOULD like to say a thing which I really feel about golf, and that is that it is played by an exceptionally nice crowd of people. I do honestly think that the golfing set is, on the whole, far more pleasant than any composed of people expert in other games. This is a challenging and outspoken remark, and may possibly lead me into a great deal of trouble, but as I shall not be here to get into the mess (see later in this article), for once I do not feel inclined to conceal my rash sentiments. After all, in any game, it does make a great deal of difference with whom you play. It is perfectly possible to play a set of tennis rather badly with people whom you like, and to enjoy yourself thoroughly; it is equally possible to play a set of tennis better than you have ever played in your life, but, because you are playing with people for whom you do not care, you don't enjoy yourself so much. This applies to all games: I merely mention tennis as an example. Therefore, it does seem to me that if you have a chance of playing your favourite game and find that those who play with you are people that you like, you are far more inclined to enjoy yourself than if, in order to get the class of ability in the opposition that you require to give you a good game, you have to force your way into a set of people of whom you are not particularly enamoured.

OF course, all this is leading up to something, and it is this: you are reading now my last article for the BYSTANDER for some little time, owing to the fact that I am going away, and in this article I want to thank all my readers (including individual members of the English Golf Union) for the very kind way in which they have received my indiscretions and my criticisms. People—a large number of whom I do not know—have been very charming to me by letter and by telephone, and I want to thank them very much indeed for all that they have done for me, for I am perfectly sensible of the fact that without their co-operation this page could not have been a success. There is no need for me to ask you to be equally kind to my successor, for once you know who he is you will realise that what he will say will be said with authority.

Also I should like to thank all those who have supported, both by being present and in other ways, the BYSTANDER Trophy event, which was inaugurated on new lines when I took over this page. No set of people could have been more pleasant or more co-operative—so the golfing set must be a nice lot! Still . . . that chap at the theatre last night did say a mouthful. It *is* curious that so many people should find it completely satisfying merely to hit a little ball into a little hole.

AND now, before I leave you for a time, there are one or two events that I sincerely hope will have taken place before I return. Briefly, I hope that British professionals will appreciate the value of practice, particularly on the putting greens. I hope that British amateurs of the second class will realise, before they lose all their friends, that they are not British amateurs of the first class. I hope that British amateurs of the first class will realise that there is still room for a lot of improvement.

Please do not think me churlish when I say this, but it seems to me that one of the greatest drawbacks to any possibility of our winning the Walker Cup match in the near future is the fact that our young players—with one notable exception—having reached a certain standard of proficiency, consider themselves the equals of anyone in the world, and are content to remain at that stage. It is perfectly true that our leading amateurs are capable of beating anyone in the world on their day. The trouble is that their day happens so seldom (a matter which might very well be put right by practice) that they, in fact, do not beat our American friends when it is necessary to do so. We shall never produce in this country an amateur who is capable of extending men like Lawson Little, except by a fluke, until our young men forget their self-satisfaction. Don't throw the word "confidence" at me: confidence and self-satisfaction are two vastly different things. Confidence is justified, because it is born of repeated practice.

And also I hope that by the time I return Dickens will have written another book in order that we can have some new quotations in the *Times*. Finally, I should like to thank the English Golf Union for their never-failing courtesy in supplying me with so many opportunities for criticism.

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What's On

(Continued from page A)

OPERA AND BALLET

At the Old Vic—

Hansel and Gretel, preceded by ballet: December 26th, 2.30.

The Barber of Seville: December 26th 8.

The Snow Maiden: December 27th, 7.45.

Casse Noisette III., Les Sylphides, and The Haunted Ballroom: December 28th, 8.30.

Hansel and Gretel, preceded by ballet: December 29th, 2.30.

Faust: December 29th, 8.

Coppelia and Rendezvous: December 31st, 8.30.

MUSIC

Winter Promenades.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. orchestra in a Wagner programme, with Eva Turner, Parry Jones, and Mahry Dawes as soloists: Queen's Hall, December 31st, 8.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

Royal Society of Portrait Painters: Royal Institute Galleries. to December 30th.

International Architecture.—At the new R.I.B.A. headquarters, Portland Place.

CIRCUSES

Bertram Mills' Circus: Olympia, 2.30 and 7.30.

Circus and Fair: Agricultural Hall, from December 24th.

A Grand Continental Circus: Crystal Palace, 2.30 and 7.30.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

Blue Train.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays: extension night, Tuesday.

Café Anglais.—Special cabarets; Java's Tzigane Orchestra, and Louis Simmonds' band: extension night, Friday.

Café de Paris.—Douglas Byng is here; Jack Harris and his band play: galas, Christmas, Boxing Day, and New Year's Eve.

Café de la Paix.—Clive Erard and his music in the restaurant, Augustus Franzel's orchestra in the grill; galas, Christmas and New Year.

Carlton.—Galas for Christmas, Boxing Day, and New Year's Eve.

Dorchester.—"Les Girls" in the new autumn edition of Midnight Follies, plus some first-class turns, appear at midnight; galas, Christmas, Boxing Day, and New Year.

Grosvenor House.—Monte Carlo Follies, Christmas edition; galas, Christmas, Boxing Day, and New Year's Eve.

The Ritz.—Gala with dancing and cabaret, Christmas and New Year's Eve.

San Marco.—The new Venetian restaurant in Devonshire House; Maurice Winnick's band plays for dancing; no cabaret; galas, Boxing Day and New Year's Eve.

Theatre Restaurant.—Small, but excellent; a good chef and a good cellar; Ricci, late of the Savoy and Claridge's, is in charge (opposite Tivoli).

Villa Rodet.—The place for Russian food; music by Theodor Guitter's band; gala for New Year's Eve.

CÆSAR'S WIFE—A MATTER OF COLOUR.

By C. AMBLER

Owing to the great demand, the above picture, which was originally reproduced in The Tatler, has now been published in separate form, suitable for framing.

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The Low-Down on High Life

(Continued from page 615).

intimate little silver-and-flower-adorned tables in past days. It was young Lord X who tossed the 12,000-franc plaques on to the baccara tables in the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo, and the Honourable Y who dined parties of a dozen at a window-table in the Paris Ritz, or lunched them at a window-table in the London Ritz. Those were the type who monopolised the Blue Trains, the front-row stalls, the first-floor suites, the attention of restaurant maîtres, and the favours of the choicest professional beauties.

Where are they now, these care-free youths? Gone, elbowed out of sight by a new crowd of grey-haired men. That man at the corner table, laughing with the revue star, is Sir Blank Blank, sixty, who has emerged from the business battle minus his hair, but with large wads of money; and that other fellow, with the synthetic blonde from the film factory, is Mr. A, assured, self-made, and, at fifty-five, determined to have the fun he had neither time nor money for in his earlier career.

Of course, many men are young to-day at fifty. A celebrated surgeon of sixty-three once confided to me—the only young man in a party of six—that life is like caviare and oysters, a cultivated taste; and men do not learn how to savour life properly until they have passed middle age.

I recollect a world-famous film star standing, legs apart, cigar cocked, expounding to me the secret of the happy marriage, which was for a man to marry a woman at least a quarter of a century younger than himself. He was forty-eight, looked ten years younger, and had a twenty-year-old wife. She was his third, and has divorced him since.

I remember a novelist of repute insisting, after an excellent lunch, that he enjoyed life far more now than when he was young. He was then two years off sixty.

This psychological-cum-physiological factor has something to do with the new phenomenon of the elderly sowers of wild oats. But there are other factors in play—social and economic. For instance, fathers are not so generous with the sons' allowance as they were. A lot of them haven't got the money to finance youth's play.

AGAIN, there are smart sets where a young man cannot sow wild oats in the customary manner without inviting a woman-inspired boycott. I know one who started in to behave in the traditional way, and in next to no time he found himself erased from the lists of the young hostesses who ruled his social roast, left out of cocktail-parties and house parties and all the entertainments of the moment; and inside six months the only persons who displayed interest in him were an old fellow in the club who remembered Cremorne, and a baronet's divorced wife who had not secured enough alimony to be able to afford a gigolo.

The truth is that the day when young men could sow wild oats light-heartedly and as a matter of course, and earn thereby the interest and respect of all the sheltered and unsophisticated young beauties of their own world, has vanished along with boned corsets, "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and Gertie Millar postcards. Only the over-forties can do that sort of thing now and get away with it. It is, indeed, almost expected of them.

Which largely explains why the statistics of the Registrar-General now show divorces to be more frequent after than before the fifteenth year of marriage.

Who Has the Right of Way?

(Continued from page 623)

In my view, the absolute precedence of main-road traffic should be recognised by law. In the event of a cross-roads accident, the driver on the inferior road should automatically be regarded as the guilty party, unless, perhaps, very gross recklessness could be proved against the main-road motorist. If this were done, it would merely be a case of the law supporting what the vast majority of people already admit and accept.

Of course, the point arises—how is one always to know, at the intersection of two roads of approximately equal importance, which is the main and which is the subsidiary road? Are there not cases where a motorist might transgress this rule unknowingly?

The answer to this objection is provided, I suggest, by those excellent road-signs already erected in many places, bearing the legend "Go Slow! Major Road Ahead." I should like to see one of these at every cross-roads in the country—or, rather, two of these, one on each branch of the inferior road concerned.

In some cases, naturally, the distinction between the main and the subsidiary road would be purely arbitrary; but this would not matter in the least. The point is that one stream of traffic, seeing the sign, would realise the necessity for slowing down, to a halt, if need be, while another stream, seeing no such sign, would go ahead in real security, having no cause for anxiety. Except in instances of deliberately wanton driving, which, mercifully, are very rare, such a system would be virtually fool-proof.

TO revert again to the "off-side" rule, I am inclined to think that this, in any case, should not be recommended too openly at the present time. It is sure to appeal to a percentage of road-users, and these may actually cause danger by trying to put it into practice prematurely. It must be stressed that the "off-side" rule is not legal; it is not likely, in my opinion, to become legal, and, unless universally adopted, can only be a source of confusion.

I speak feelingly on this point. I was once nearly killed by a lorry emerging at speed from a side turning. To hear the driver defending his behaviour, quoting an article in praise of the "off-side" rule which he had just read in his daily paper, gave me no comfort whatsoever!

Anna Neagle

As she appears in a scene from the British and Dominion Film Corporation's "Nell Gwynn," in which she takes the part of the Orange Girl. All the candles used in this film were supplied by Messrs. J. C. and J. Field, and were called "Nell Gwynn" long before the film was made

The "Bystander" Twins

Who have been christened Peta and Pam, and who appear on a New Year Card in connection with the woman's section of the "Bystander" next week. They are on the look-out for novelties of all sorts, and ask for assistance in finding them

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Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Colin Keith-Johnstone as Clive and Gillian Lind as his wife, in a historical drama with plenty of good scenes and action; excellent entertainment: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

EDEN END.—Priestley's play, about a North Country family, is one for all theatre-lovers to see and discuss; the acting of this "slice of life" is very fine; Edward Irwin, Ralph Richardson, Beatrix Lehmann, Alison Leggatt head the cast: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—A grandmother by Lilian Braithwaite, a superbly foolish aunt by Athene Seyler, and the rest of the family includes Gyles Isham, Archibald Batty, Jack Livesey, Mary Glynne; the comedy's by Gertrude Jennings: Ambassadors, 2.30 and 8.30 this week.

FOR EVER.—Margaretta Scott acts beautifully as Beatrice and Eric Portman very finely as Dante; the stuff of the play is not everyone's idea of their love-story: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HAMLET.—A fine production and brilliant acting, especially by John Gielgud as Hamlet. George Howe is Polonius; Laura Cowie the Queen; Frank Vosper the King; Jessica Tandy is Ophelia: New, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.15.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—A charming Chinese play, with a large cast, including Louise Hampton, Esmé Percy, Maisie Darrell, Fabia Drake, Morris Harvey, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVER'S LEAP.—A gay and pleasant entertainment, with Owen Nares as a husband, Nora Swinburne as his wife, and Ursula Jeans and Walter Hudd as a half-hearted courting couple: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARY READ.—Flora Robson as the eighteenth-century woman buccaneer, and Robert Donat as her adoring, rattled husband, in a swinging play in the romantic style: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. No performances, December 24th and 25th. Twice daily, December 26th—29th.

THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER.—An Irish play with much talk, dramatic action that makes it a play and no sermon, excellent humour, and a good cast: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ST. JOAN.—Mary Newcomb gives an interesting and often beautiful performance as the Maid; the rest of the cast and the production contribute to a notable revival: Sadler's Wells, 8 (except Monday). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE SHINING HOUR.—High drama on a Yorkshire farm, with Raymond Massey as the farmer, Adrienne Allen as his loving wife, Gladys Cooper as the sister-in-law he loves; the play (by Keith Winter) and the acting spell success: St. James's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Jay Mallory's unconvincing and novelette plot made credible by Diana Wynyard's fine acting, and good work by Hartley Power and Kathleen Wilson: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Marie Tempest, Madge Titheradge, and Margaret Vines all at their best as three generations of a theatrical family; Laurence Olivier dashing as a screen lover; the theme is grease-paint versus ordinary life: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Aileen Marson has taken Celia Johnson's part as heroine: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

YOUNG MR. DISRAELI.—Derrick de Marney as young Disraeli and Sophie Stewart as Mrs. Wyndham Lewis in Elswyth Thane's pleasant romance: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

THE BELLE OF NEW YORK.—Another seasonable revival: Garrick, 2.30 and 8.

THE BING BOYS.—George Robey and Violet Lorraine in their original parts; Rebla, Valerie Hay, Pip Powell, Frank Leslie: Alhambra, 8.30.

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BLACKBIRDS OF 1935.—A new version of the coloured revue, with Valaida still starring, and Kahloah, a newcomer: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.30.

HI-DIDDLE-DIDDLE!—Greta Nissen, Douglas Byng, and Reginald Gardner in an attractively decorated but unevenly amusing revue: Comedy, 2.30 and 8.30 this week

JILL, DARLING!—A musical play, with Frances Day, Arthur Riscoe, Louise Browne, Viola Tree, Sebastian Smith: Saville, 2.30 and 8.15.

LUCKY BREAK.—It's mostly Leslie Henson at his side-cracking funniest; others in this grand absurdity are Heather Thatcher, June Clyde, David Hutcheson: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MERRIE ENGLAND.—Revival of Edward German's light opera. Nancy Fraser, Dennis Hoey, Enid Cruikshank, Rosalind Fuller, W. S. Percy in the cast, with Herman Finck in the conductor's chair: Prince's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE RED ROVER'S REVENGE.—Peter Godfrey's production of this nautical romance: Royalty, 8.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 53.—Gus Chevalier, Kenneth Blain, and Edna Thompson, Morgan Davies, Milne and West, Eric Woodburn: Windmill, 1.30—11.30, non-stop.

SPORTING LOVE.—In this all-laughing success are Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 2.30 and 8.30.

STREAMLINE.—The new Cochran revue, full of brilliant dancing, and good humour, with a huge star cast; Tilly Losch, Florence Desmond, Meg Lemmonier, Nora Howard, Charles Heslop, Esmond Knight, and innumerable others: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A WALTZ DREAM.—Oscar Strauss's operetta revived, with Lea Seidl, W. H. Berry, Carl Esmond, Bertram Wallis: Winter Garden, 2.15 and 8.

YES, MADAM?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobbie Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ADMIRALS ALL.—Laura la Plante, as a film star, gets involved with Chinese pirates and British admirals in the new Ian Hay-King Hall comedy; Clive Currie Frank Cellier, and Aubrey Mather represent the Navy: Cambridge, 2.30 and 8.30 this week.

THE GHOST TRAIN.—A revival of this excellent thriller: Criterion, 2.30 and 8.40.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.—Margaret Rawlings and the Baddeley sisters as three gold-diggers in a jauntily sophisticated comedy: Duke of York's, 8.30.

HALF A CROWN.—The hero is Sydney Howard, sometimes grocer and sometimes Ruritanian King, and he gives some grand laughs: Eliot Makeham, Malcolm Keen and Eileen Peel are in the cast: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., and 28th, 2.30.

INSIDE THE ROOM.—A new thriller, with Leonora Corbett, Ellis Jeffreys, Helen Haye, Frank Cellier, Robert Douglas: Queen's.

MURDER IN MAYFAIR.—Ivor Novello in his own play as a pianist, Edna Best as the wild woman who vamped him and was murdered, Fay Compton as a consoling Duchess; the setting is a Mayfair Mews, which explains all: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—Bernard Lee as the hero of this most successful of crook plays, which has run for over two years: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Christmas Fare

ALADDIN.—Valda Jesmond as Aladdin, Ivan Menzies Linga Singh: Prince Edward Theatre, 2 and 7.45.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.—Beryl Laverick as Alice: Duke of York's, matinées, 2.30.

BUCKIE'S BEARS: Scala, matinées. 2.30.

CHARLIE'S AUNT.—Dudley Ralph and Amy Brandon-Thomas: Daly's, 2.30 and 8.30.

CINDERELLA.—Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Prince Charming, June as Cinderella, Billy Danvers, Clarice Hardwicke, Revnell and West, the Three Sailors: Drury Lane 2 and 7.45.

DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.—Elsie Prince as Dick, George Jackley, Naughton and Gold: Lyceum 2 and 7.30.

PETER PAN.—Jean Forbes-Robertson as Peter, George Curzon as Mr. Darling and Hook, Marie Löhr as Mrs. Darling, Pamela Stanley as Wendy: Palladium, 2.15.

ROBIN HOOD.—With Gwladys Stanley, Marjorie Binner, Douglas Wakefield: Victoria Palace, 2 and 7.30.

TOAD OF TOAD HALL.—Richard Goolden as Mole, Frederick Burtwell as Toad, John Kidd, George Wray: Royalty, matinées, 2.15.

TREASURE ISLAND.—Edmund Willard as Long John Silver: Piccadilly, matinées, 2.15.

WHAT HAPPENED TO GEORGE.—Robert Atkins, Billy Thatcher, Esmé Beringer, in this schoolboy adventure play: Savoy, matinées, 2.30.

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD.—Fortune, 2.30 and 8.15.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS: Holborn Empire, matinées, 2.15.

CINEMAS

THE CAMELS ARE COMING.—Jack Hulbert's comical adventures in Egypt, with Anna Lee as the lovely girl-friend: Marble Arch Pavilion.

COLLEGE RHYTHM.—A Hollywood musical comedy, starring Joe Penner, Lanny Ross, Jack Oakie and Helen Mack: Plaza.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO.—Robert Donat and Elissa Landi in the screen version of Dumas's famous novel London Pavilion.

THE GAY DIVORCE.—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dance and sing in this gay and amusing musical comedy: Carlton.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.—Phillips Holmes and Frances L. Sullivan are in this Dickens film: Capitol.

THE IRON DUKE.—George Arliss bends the Duke of Wellington's character to his own inimitable style: Tivoli.

LORNA DOONE.—Basil Dean directed this film of Blackmore's story; John Loder and Victoria Hopper play the hero and heroine: Adelphi.

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH.—A thriller that's full of excitement, with Nova Pilbeam as a kidnapped child, Leslie Banks and Edna Best as the parents, Peter Lorre as the villain: New Gallery.

MICKEY MOUSE.—A Walt Disney programme of Mickey films and coloured Silly Symphonies: Tatler.

LES MISÉRABLES.—A fine screen production of Victor Hugo's classic; Harry Baur as Jean Valjean, Florelle as Fantine, Marthe Mellot as Mlle. Baptistine: Academy.

RADIO PARADE OF 1935.—An English all-star picture, full of wireless and vaudeville favourites: Regal.

REFUGEES.—A fine Ufa film, of German refugees escaping from Soviet Russia; the stars are Kathe von Nagy and Hans Albers: Curzon.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.—Leslie Howard as Sir Percy Blakeney, Merle Oberon as Lady Blakeney, Raymond Massey as Chauvelin: a fine holiday film: Leicester Square Theatre.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS.—A Barrie play filmed, with Helen Hayes playing lead, Brian Aherne and Madge Evans. Also FALLING IN LOVE, with Charles Farrell Empire.

(*Continued on page* i

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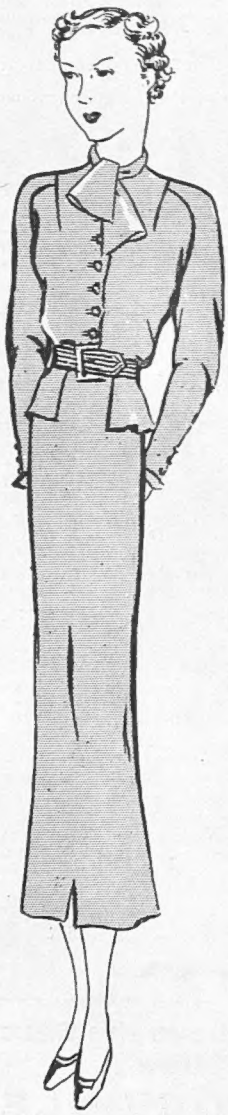

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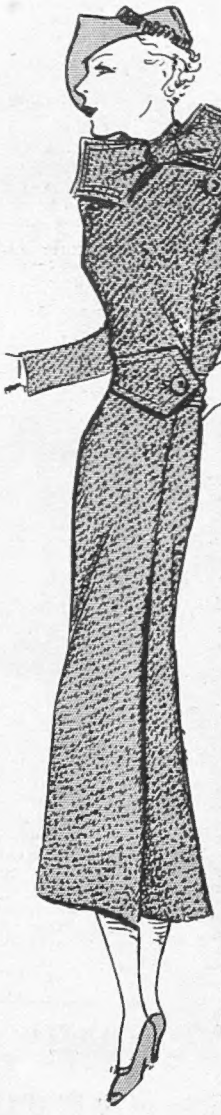

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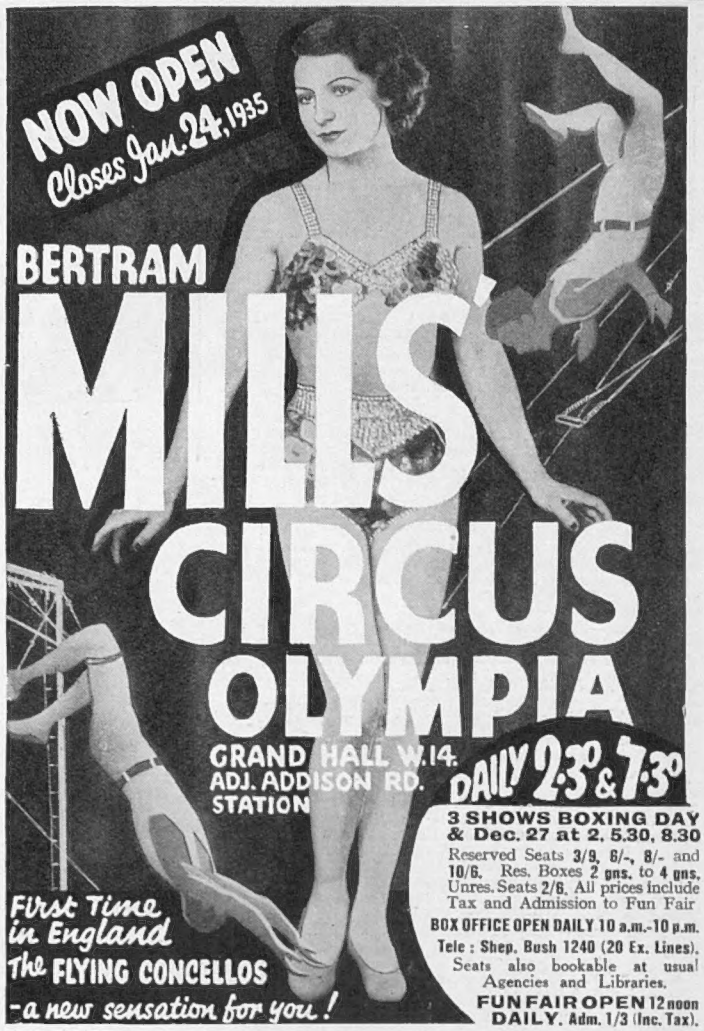

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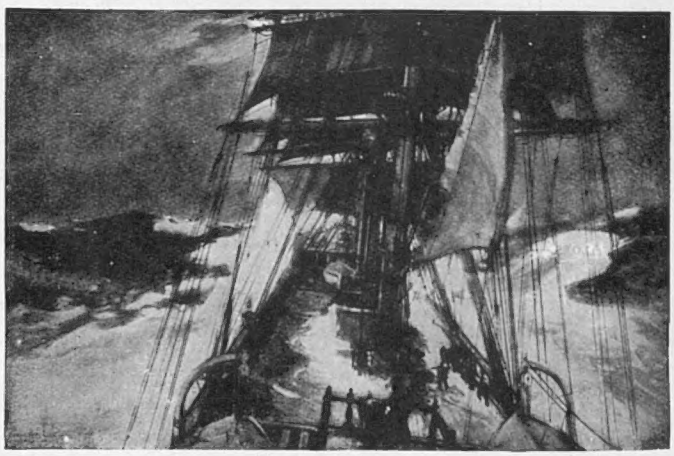

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